

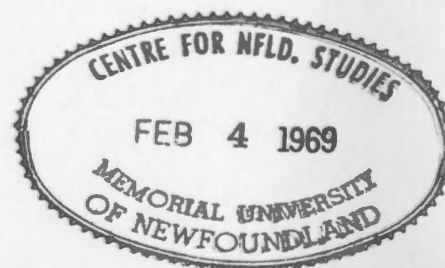
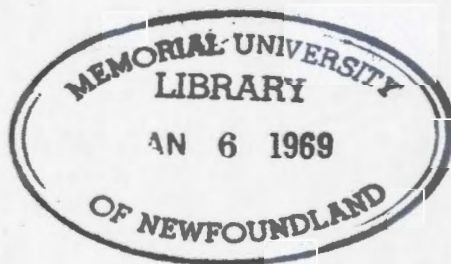
THOMAS STINSON JARVIS, CANADIAN AUTHOR

CENTRE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND STUDIES

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JEFFREY Lee WOLLOCK



THOMAS STINSON JARVIS, CANADIAN AUTHOR

by

Jeffrey Lee Wollock

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the
requirements for the degree of Master of Arts,
Memorial University of Newfoundland, March
1968.

- A B S T R A C T -

THOMAS STINSON JARVIS, CANADIAN AUTHOR

Jeffrey L. Wollock

The present study is intended to provide a general introduction to the life and works of the Toronto-born author and lawyer, Thomas Stinson Jarvis (1854-1926). As far as can be ascertained, this is the first such study ever undertaken.

The justification for the study is provided in a brief general discussion in Chapter 1, in which some of the problems involved in the research are also mentioned. A review of Jarvis's biography is afforded by the second chapter. The following three chapters deal with Jarvis's ideas and philosophies in relation to the period in which he was writing. Finally, in Chapter 6 his fictional works are surveyed and criticized.

Special notice should be made of the bibliography, which lists every known printed source of information on Jarvis, and for the first time provides a list of every one of his known books, articles, and reviews.

It is hoped that this study will help to bring about renewed interest in this forgotten Canadian author.

- A B S T R A C T -

The first of Jarvis's six books was published in Toronto when he was only twenty-one; the last, in Los Angeles, a few years before his death. But the great bulk of Jarvis's writing was done in New York City between 1892 and 1903. His canon comprises a book of travel in the Middle East; a semi- or pseudo-scientific book which applies Darwin's principles to the domain of "mind science"; a purported history of the Druid domination of the world; and three admirable novels; also a number of philosophical essays; a large amount of writing on the subject of yachting; and quite a few theatre reviews.

The study is motivated by the idea that modern students of Canadian literature would find Jarvis a most interesting figure once introduced to his works; and with some familiarity with his life and times, their knowledge would be broad enough to allow them to undertake their own further investigations.

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Thomas Stinson Jarvis, Canadian Author

Chapter 1: INTRODUCTION

The present study is, to the author's knowledge, the first to deal with the Toronto-born author, Thomas Stinson Jarvis. The content and organization have been in large measure determined by this fact.

No one specific aspect of Jarvis's writings has been given detailed treatment. Instead, the author's purpose has been to provide a general introduction to the man and his works, one which he feels is necessary before any detailed analysis of Jarvis's work be undertaken. In fact, it is hoped that this study will to some extent allow the reader to decide for himself whether or not Jarvis's writings merit such detailed analysis. And even more basically, the study is meant to provide some kind of factual record of Jarvis and his work, inasmuch as no such record has previously been compiled.

The three-pronged approach of the present study indicates its general scope: biography, bibliography, and criticism are the major ingredients.

The biography proper is given in Chapter 2. All biographical information available to the author has been given, and a certain amount of speculation has been engaged in.

The following three chapters deal with the ideas and philosophies of Stinson Jarvis, as gleaned from his many essays and reviews. This section of the study has biographical overtones, in that it further illuminates Jarvis's personality. To some extent it is also historical, recalling the zeitgeist in which Jarvis lived and thought. In discussing why much of this philosophy has been discredited since that time, the section is somewhat philosophical, and may also be looked upon as criticism.

Finally in Chapter 6 Jarvis's fictional writings are discussed, and here the emphasis is more strictly literary.

The reader may perhaps feel that certain points which should have been pursued have been glossed over. Ideally, his fiction, for example, could have received fuller treatment. If the reader will bear in mind, however, that the aim of this study throughout has been to introduce Jarvis, he will see that a study of this type, by its very nature as an introduction, will raise many questions, and indicate points of departure for further studies. What is the point of discussing "Sexual Symbolism in Jarvis's Subconscious," "Jarvis's Geoffrey Hampstead and Herbert Spencer," or "Byronic Elements in the Works of Stinson Jarvis"? Some day these might be good chapter

headings, or even thesis topics in themselves, but clearly, the primary question at the moment is, "Who was Stinson Jarvis?"

The present study does not answer this question definitively or completely, but it does make a start. Shortage of time and limited resources have determined the amount of information that could be gathered. At present there are great gaps in the story of Jarvis's life which only speculation can fill, but it is hoped that the present work can serve at least as a base upon which to build.

Aside from the question of "Who?", there is another which cannot be avoided, and that is, "Why?" True, Jarvis is an obscure figure, and indeed, until the present author tackled what Prof. M.G. Parks of Dalhousie University has called "the large and little-known area of Canadian fiction from 1880 to 1920," Jarvis's obscurity appeared to be without parallel. But apparently there are many English Canadian authors remaining in utter oblivion.

To be totally forgotten, such authors should by rights have turned out books of unrivalled mediocrity, but investigation indicates that the books may be far from mediocre, and of vast historical and sociological interest besides. Certainly this is the case with Jarvis.

This then is the answer to the question of "Why Jarvis?" -- simply because his work, while not truly great,

is yet far too good and far too interesting to be ignored, particularly in view of the present state of English Canadian literature.

As Canada embarks upon her second century, English-speaking Canadians are still searching for their literary heritage, without signal success. The best-known and most-studied Canadian authors are, almost without exception, those who have become widely-read beyond the borders of Canada, as if this foreign recognition is necessary before Canadians can accept their own writers. Morley Callaghan, Hugh MacLennan, Robertson Davies, John Marlyn, Mordecai Richler -- these are the exceptions that prove the rule. For every one Callaghan there have been ten Mazos romanticizing the Ontario farmer or some other Canadian type beyond recognition. Few Americans realize that Stephen Leacock made his home north of the border. The same is true of Ernest Thompson Seton, who has had many imitators, not all of them Canadian.

In short, few of Canada's most popular writers are recognizably Canadian. The bulk of Canadian writing consists of sentimental romances and books for children, few of which can give true glimpses of Canadian life. Herein lies the dilemma which has led to the claim that there is no English Canadian literature as such, or that if there is, it is something which has begun only recently with writers such as Callaghan, MacLennan, Davies, Marlyn, and Richler (all of whom are still alive).

But there is a Canadian literature, and was, even in the nineteenth century. Most of the books which are notably Canadian in locale, or national character, or both, today lie forgotten in attics across the country. These books were read by the Canadian public, but not by critics, for there were virtually no critics in Canada during the 1800s. Consequently there is little record of them, astonishingly little. But these represent an indigenous literature which should be resurrected and re-appraised.

An example of this phenomenon is seen in the following true story, christened "The Search for Violet Keith." On page 182 of Stinson Jarvis's novel, Geoffrey Hampstead, there appears a most unfamiliar allusion. "Let us not speak of them," says Margaret, referring to 'priests'. "They make me think of Violet Keith, and all that sort of thing." Violet Keith? Some time was spent in trying to discover whether this was a person of note, a fictional character, or even the title of a book. Meeting with no success, however, the elucidation of this relatively minor point was abandoned.

Several months later, however, when the present author was in Toronto, browsing through piles of dusty books in the rear of an antique shop, he came upon a novel "by the Author of 'Violet Keith'." The author was Mrs. Ellen Ross, and a copy of Violet Keith was procured from a library as soon as possible.

It is a rather impressive book. The strength and weakness of Violet Keith lies in its overwhelming gloom and stoicism, not used as a device, but sensed as an atmosphere which pervades

the author's outlook. At times the darkness is so unrelenting, that it is quite literally difficult to continue reading, as when the reader finds all the sympathetic characters dying young. But after all, this is part of what Victorian life was.

Mrs. Ross is a most powerful writer, and a complete reading of Violet Keith is rather exhilarating than depressing. There are many unforgettable scenes -- life in a French boarding school for girls, poverty and alcoholism in the slums of Edinburgh, the repressive life in a Quebec convent, and especially a long, sustained sequence of Violet Keith's imprisonment in the vault of the convent, which culminates in the burning of the building. This gothic-like episode is all the more harrowing because none of the events are supernatural, or even "stagey". Except for an oppressively devout, even evangelical tone in some places, and consistent grammatical errors in others, the entire book is a work of great skill.

Violet Keith was first published in Montreal in 1868, and was evidently quite popular, judging from the fact that it went into several editions, and that Jarvis, writing twenty-two years later, expected his readers to catch the allusion.

Despite all this, very little information is available on the subject of Mrs. Ross and her novels. In fact, one can only admire the scholar who eventually undertakes to do a study of Ellen Ross. As far as the present author can ascertain, she is mentioned in exactly two books, Wallace's Dictionary of Canadian Biography, and the same author's Encyclopedia of Canada; both

articles are identical. Not even Klinck's usually trustworthy Literary History of Canada breathes a word of her or Violet Keith's existence. Because Mrs. Ross belongs to an earlier generation than Jarvis, it will be even more difficult to find pertinent material. Already, even under the best circumstances for research, a great deal of information has been irretrievably lost, because of the laxity, one might almost say the timidity, of Canadian literary scholarship.

The situation with regard to Jarvis is slightly better, though not much. I first encountered Jarvis's name quite by accident, while reading through Klinck's History.

"Toronto...is depicted...skilfully in the detective thriller with society and psychological overtones, Geoffrey Hampstead (1890), by a prominent young Torontonion lawyer, Thomas Stinson Jarvis." 1

Checking the index, I discovered elsewhere in the book a four-paragraph consideration of Jarvis which mentioned two further books of his.

The few paragraphs on Jarvis in Klinck's History are essentially the work of Prof. Ross Beharriell, of the Royal Military College, Kingston. He is very probably the only scholar in the last fifty years who has read Jarvis's novels, and certainly the only one to offer any critical opinion in print. If it had not been for his brief but enthusiastic remarks in Klinck, the present work would never have been undertaken.

At the time completely unfamiliar with Canadian literature, I was not surprised at my ignorance of Jarvis. My curiosity had been whetted, however, and the next step was to look for his books in the library of the Memorial University of Newfoundland, where I was then studying -- but there were none to be found.

Soon I realized that not only I, but everyone else, seemed to be ignorant of Stinson Jarvis. Attempting to augment my knowledge of the writer, I looked for biographical and bibliographical material dealing with him, but came up with very little. It was found that he had written a total of six books, and that several articles of his had been published in a Boston magazine called The Arena, in the 1890s. I also came across vague references to him as a yachtsman and drama critic. It was also found that he had moved to New York City in 1891, and some time later, to Los Angeles, where he died in 1926. And that was about all that could be discovered without initiating extensive research. To this day, I have seen no more than ten reference books that even mention Jarvis's existence. Three of these do no more than that, while six of the others have taken all of their facts from the remaining one book, Henry J. Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of the Time (1898).

When finally I did get to read Geoffrey Hampstead (no easy book to locate), I decided that it would be worthwhile to do a study of its author. The book is not great, but in some respects very good. It is as good as the best Canadian

writing of the time, and has the added attraction of being truly Canadian in subject matter and idiom. Its author was obviously a widely-read and cosmopolitan person, and Geoffrey Hampstead, although a first novel, has little of the amateurishness that mars so much of the Canadian literature of that period.

In fact, Jarvis was a manifestation of that rara avis, the Canadian artist who is both Canadian and artistic. The fact that he has fallen into oblivion is due not so much to any defects his books may have -- for despite their defects most of his books remain eminently readable today -- but rather to those "defects" in Canadian literary scholarship mentioned in connection with Violet Keith. As Alan Gowans writes in the preface to his Building Canada: an Architectural History of Canadian Life (1966): "I wish it were possible to say that...Canadian studies generally now enjoy at least some respect and prestige in Canadian academic and cultural circles comparable to that accorded the study of European and particularly British culture. Unfortunately this is still far from the case. In many areas of national life -- and indeed even sometimes among people who write about Canadian culture themselves -- colonialism remains incorrigible, hope and glory are still looked for overseas."³

Because of the dearth of books on the subject, much of the research for the present study was carried out by correspondence. Much information was also derived from old magazines and newspapers. But as newspapers are rarely indexed, and as the magazines for which Jarvis wrote are, with one exception, not to be found indexed in any periodical bibliography, the work has been done by the slow and inefficient method of page-by-page searching. Many discoveries were merely fortunate accidents. Since Jarvis was on the regular staff of several publications, many articles by him were apparently published anonymously. Sometimes these can be recognized, but it is probable that many are overlooked. Regrettably, it is also quite likely that some areas of fruitful research have been missed entirely.

Owing to the nature of the research involved, this study would have been impossible without the help of many people in libraries, newspaper and magazine publishing houses, and other institutions in the United States and Canada. In particular I should like to thank Prof. C.J. Francis, of the Memorial University of Newfoundland, for his instructive criticism and genuine interest; Prof. S. Ross Beharriell, for his encouraging remarks and very helpful suggestions for research; Miss Lois Mercer of St. John's, Nfld., and Miss Ann Wollock of Brooklyn, N.Y., for their dedicated assistance in some of the tedious research tasks; and Mr. J.F. Rowny, of Santa Barbara, Cal., for

his invaluable personal recollection of Jarvis. In addition, I should like to thank three librarians who were particularly generous of their time, and who each performed well-nigh incredible feats of information retrieval: Flora S. Patterson, of the Serials Section, National Library of Canada, Ottawa; William Donovan, of the Newspaper Service, Chicago Public Library; and Yotive Applegate, General Reading Services, Los Angeles Public Library.

This, then, is my introduction to Stinson Jarvis. If I have created from the dry words of a short entry in a reference book the image of a man and his ideas, then I have succeeded in what I set out to do.

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Memorial University of Newfoundland

May 10, 1968.

The personality of a man born into an old, historic family is invariably influenced by that fact. All men have equally lengthy and detailed family trees; however, few know much about them, nor is it possible in many cases ever to find out much more. But when a family has been an important economic, political, and social entity for generations, its progeny is well able to look back and find food for thought and for egoism in a rich past. Indeed, such a person may often have the feeling, rarely expressed consciously but there just the same, that he is the culmination, or even the goal, of all that which has preceded him.

The Jarvis family is just such a one, and Stinson Jarvis possessed a family pride great as that of the noblest of old-country noblemen. This unavoidably coloured his views and helped to mould his interests. It can therefore be seen that a review of his genealogy properly figures in a study of the man himself.

The branch of the family to which Stinson Jarvis belonged boasts a curious set of loyalties. As an offshoot of one of the oldest U.S. families, it was American. Yet it was too British to remain in the United States after the Revolution. Stephen Jarvis and other loyalists in the family migrated to Canada, establishing one of the

most important families of Ontario. In consequence, Stinson Jarvis considered himself at various times an American, an Englishman, or a Canadian -- always in capital letters.

In 1656, Stephen Jarvis, an English lawyer, settled at Huntington, Long Island. The family had been English, although the name comes originally from the Norman French, Gervaise.

The family produced such men as the Right Rev. Abram Jarvis, Bishop of Connecticut, who was the first bishop ever consecrated in America -- Stinson Jarvis's great-great-grand-uncle; and the bishop's son, Rev. Samuel Farmar Jarvis, who was a scholar and literary man.

Colonel Stephen Jarvis (Nov. 6, 1756 - Apr. 12, 1840) of Danbury, Connecticut, was the first Jarvis to settle in Canada. He was the son of Stephen Jarvis and Rachel Starr. During the American Revolution, he fought bravely, but on the "wrong side". As a reward for courage he was given a commission in the South Carolina Dragoons, in which regiment he remained until the end of the war, retiring as lieutenant. Upon returning home to Danbury, he found the prejudice against him as a loyalist so strong that he feared for his life, and decided to leave the country for good, making the arduous and dangerous trip

to New Brunswick, where he settled at Fredericton. In 1809 he removed permanently to York, Upper Canada -- present-day Toronto. Later, Col. Jarvis served as Adjutant-General of Militia; Registrar of Deeds for the Home District; and Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada. His wife was Amelia Glover (1756-1819), also of Danbury, Connecticut.

The memoirs of Col. Jarvis, although never intended for publication, make interesting reading. As edited by Stinson Jarvis, they appeared in print for the first time in 1906, under the title Reminiscences of a Loyalist.¹

The Colonel's eldest son was Frederick Starr Jarvis (Aug. 4, 1780 - June 2, 1852). He served in the War of 1812 and the Rebellion of 1837-38; and, like his father, held the post of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the Legislative Assembly. He married Susan Merigold, who bore him several children. Their third son was Stephen Maule Jarvis, born on November 22, 1822.²

Stephen Maule Jarvis studied for the bar and became a lawyer in Toronto. On September 10, 1850, he married Mary Stinson, the daughter of Thomas Stinson, of Hamilton, Ontario, and their first child, Margaret Isabella Maule Jarvis, was born four and a half months later, on January 20, 1851.³

The second child of Stephen Maule Jarvis was Thomas Stinson Jarvis, the subject of the present study, who was born in Toronto on May 31, 1854.

Other children were Stephen Jarvis White Jarvis, born May 3, 1861, and Edward Robinson Jarvis, born on February 28, 1873. Another child, Mary Catherine Jarvis, was born in February, 1863, and died on July 31 at the age of five months.

Little is known of Stinson Jarvis's early childhood. One can only conjecture, bearing in mind the fact that the Jarvis family was at the axis of Toronto high society, and that they probably did all the things that high society people do when they are under no financial pressure. The family house was called "Bertie Cottage", and there one can imagine a precocious child eagerly looking forward to a day when he would be able to ride horses and sail yachts, meanwhile assuaging his restlessness with books. He surely must have learned to read earlier than September, 1863, when, at the age of nine, he was enrolled at Upper Canada College, Toronto.⁴ At that time U.C.C., founded in 1829, was the most prestigious Canadian preparatory school, as it still is.

As a child Jarvis read widely. At U.C.C. he took some classical prizes, but also found time for fox-hunting

twice a week at the meets of the 13th. Hussars. He held the bowling prize at school for two years, and was captain of two cricket teams. In the passage in which he describes his school days, (quoted in full further on in this present study), Jarvis places emphasis on the deliberate cultivation of both spheres of activity, the mental as well as the physical. It is worth noting that he had to state specifically that he divided his time between scholarly and athletic pursuits, as if trying to justify one or the other.

Jarvis graduated from U.C.C. in 1871, and "at seventeen was sent away for a year's travel, his father judging this to be more profitable than a University course."⁵ His father's principle was passed on and accepted by him, so that we find in an 1893 account of Stinson Jarvis that "in his idea, a college education is merely the preparation for the real education which continues throughout one's life."⁶ This was another of his principles. We may suspect with reason that the "divided-activity system" also originated with his father. There is nothing remarkable in themselves about these ideas, but Stinson Jarvis apparently considered them part of his credo.

The first part of the tour was spent in Europe, and after passing a winter in Italy -- "two months' study of Rome"⁷ -- Jarvis went on to visit the Holy Land, Egypt, Syria and Lebanon. The actual dates of this tour are a puzzle. It is known that whenever it was, the tour occupied a year's time, and that it extended from one calendar year into the next, since he passed the winter in Europe and then went on. Morgan's account-- probably written by Jarvis himself -- says, as we have seen above, that he left at age seventeen. That would be 1871-2, soon after he graduated. The Arena article says "he left at the age of eighteen."⁸ This would therefore be 1872-3. According to The Jarvis Family (1879), a genealogical record, the tour was made in 1873-4,⁹ when he was nineteen.

Upon returning to Canada, Jarvis wrote his first book, Letters From East Longitudes, which is a narrative compiled from letters he had written to his parents while he was in the Middle East. It was published in 1875, but by Jarvis's own account, was written before he was twenty. The Arena also gives this information; Leslie's more specifically says "nineteen". So we are to conclude that Stinson Jarvis travelled when he was seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen, and wrote a book on it before

he was twenty, which was published when he was twenty-one.

But there are other factors which confuse the issue even further, because the Rolls of the Law Society of Upper Canada reveal that Jarvis was admitted as a student for Easter Term, 1871, or in other words, directly upon graduation from U.C.C. The only explanation for this is that he enrolled but had no intention of beginning for another few years. He actually started the law course, by his own statement, in 1875. The answer may lie in the fact that Osgoode Hall Law School was not established until 1873; it was then closed in 1870 and re-established in 1881.

All in all, knowledge of Stinson Jarvis in the first half-decade of the 1870s is generalized and hazy. However a few revealing bits of information do survive.

On September 5, 1872, two days before the Prince of Wales Cup regatta at Toronto, Jarvis was aboard a yacht tied up at Charlotte, New York.¹⁰ The Brunette, a sloop of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, belonged to his uncle Harry Stinson, and young Jarvis, aged eighteen, was a crew member. Probably they had been sailing Lake Ontario on a pleasure cruise, but for three days now high winds and a rough sea had prevented their departure from Toronto. Harry Stinson was "crazy to get back in time for the race,"¹¹ and accepted the offer of a tow line from the big side-wheel Mail Line steamer Abyssinian, commanded by Capt. Estes.

Three days earlier he had taken his ship twelve miles out and been forced to turn around and head for port.

The two boats set out, and there was no means of communication between them as the storm began to grow increasingly worse. By evening the Brunette had lost most of her rigging and was rapidly taking on water. By the greatest of luck they managed to make it into Toronto harbour, and although the Brunette was too badly damaged to compete in the race, everyone on board was thankful just to be alive.

It is plain that Jarvis's interest and participation in the sport of yachting was already well developed at this time. It was to remain a life-long pursuit.

Other events dating from this period are the birth of a brother, Edward Robinson Jarvis, on February 25, 1873; and the marriage of his sister Margaret to Benjamin Read Clarkson, a shipping merchant in Toronto, on December 3, 1873.¹²

In 1875, as mentioned previously, came the publication of Stinson Jarvis's first book, Letters From East Longitudes, by the firm of James Campbell and Son, Toronto, who advertised that they "are prepared to furnish estimates to authors for publication of their MSS... the facilities possessed by Jas. Campbell and Son for

the Publication of Books in the best Modern Styles, at the Lowest Prices, and their lengthened experience warrant them in undertaking the Publication of any work submitted to them, and in offering their services to Authors who desire to publish on their own account."

While on the tour, Jarvis had by his own admission utilized almost every spare moment in preparing lengthy letters home. Upon his return, these were compiled into a narrative in which the mannered striving for effect is so consistent that it begins to take on a certain viability. The self-consciousness itself constitutes a style. Though far from natural, the writing is quite skillful. Letters From East Longitudes abounds with contrived wit, snips of Latin and Greek, allusions from mythology and literature, and all the other hallmarks of a young, very bright student who is doing all he can to impress his readers.

The book is a real period-piece: the Grand Tour as seen through the eyes of a young, tenth-generation British colonial. All the strange customs and marvellous sights of the Near East are detailed, with that air of condescension so typical of the British traveller of that period when Britain ruled half the world.

Jarvis's Preface, dated April, 1875, gives a fair sample of the style of the rest of the book. He writes, "Every person who has been bold enough to publish what is ominously termed a Book, which is to be scanned and criticised by that very awful drill sergeant, Public Opinion, has experienced, I suppose, the same doubts and hopes as I feel myself.

"It is very pleasant to spend the long winter evenings refreshing one's memory and re-writing about places visited; but having now published the work, I dread its being actually read by others, and I feel like leaving for a lengthened trip into the country to escape chaff.

"It must, however, be considered as merely a compiling and arrangement of the long letters sent home at every possible opportunity, and as they were often written by the flickering light of the tent, on up-turned trunks, in Arab mud huts, or by the fading light of Eastern sunsets, and generally under most adverse circumstances, any "jerkiness" of composition must be attributed to my continually unsettled situations.

"The pleasure of spending my spare hours in this way has, for the last few months, almost equalled the enjoyment of the trip itself, and if any others can pass a pleasant

hour or two in reading the result, I shall feel that, after all, the greatest pleasure of travel is experienced after it is over. I feel, too, that my friends will excuse some defects on account of my youth, and for the same reason I hope that even the general public will give some latitude to my 'East Longitudes.'"

It is not likely that the book was well known outside of circles close to the family, and the only review the present writer has ever come across is a brief notice in The Jarvis Family, by George A. Jarvis and others, published in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1879 (p.124.) While these remarks are faintly redolent of nepotism, the fact remains that Letters From East Longitudes is a delightful book, impressive from one so young, and well worth reading today. The author himself was obviously pleased with it and particularly with the fact that the Earl of Dufferin (1826 - 1902), then Governor-General of Canada, had shown him "a good deal of favor",¹³ and had allowed his name to appear in the dedication, penned "in humble appreciation of his distinguished abilities as a statesman, a scholar, and a yachtsman."

As with many precocious talents, virtually all of his later ideas and eccentricities can be found in some form in this early work. There is his skepticism of organized

religions, his interest in the effects of heredity, his affectionate and candid interest in women, his fondness for slang expressions and clever puns, and his great descriptive ability. Indeed it may well be that his whole mental set had already been formed by the age of twenty.

From 1875 to 1879 "the studies of law and yachting were made together, in his usual division of outdoor and indoor work".¹⁴ Jarvis studied law at Osgoode Hall, and was articled to Sir O. Mowat. When called to the bar, Easter Term, 1879, he passed second of forty competitors. (This date is given in the Rolls of the Law Society of Upper Canada. All other sources give 1880, probably stemming from Jarvis's own error.)

As for yachting, Jarvis was a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club during this period, despite the fact that the Club has no record of it today.¹⁵ Details of this are few, but it is said that Jarvis was given command of numerous yachts in the annual (R.C.Y.C.) and international regattas, and that he was a particular favourite of Arthur Radcliffe Boswell (1838 - 19 ?), Commodore of the R.C.Y.C., who preferred him to a professional. Also perhaps referred to this period is a sentence found in an 1892 magazine article by Jarvis: "Now that Lord Dufferin has been appointed minister at Paris, he will be in easy range of

that single-handed racing which the writer having many times contested with him, can certify he likes best."¹⁶

Lord Dufferin will be remembered as Jarvis's early patron.

The Arena article on Jarvis mentions general reading and occasional experiments in regard to psychic phenomena, including, presumably, mesmerism, as additional occupations undertaken in "the latter part of the seventies."¹⁷

Probably in 1880, Jarvis set up a legal practice in the town of Niagara Falls, Ontario. Not long afterward, on May 27, 1881, he was married to Anne Louise (Annie) Croft, second child of Prof. Henry Holmes Croft of the University of Toronto. Prof. Croft (1820 - 1883), born in London, was the well-known chemist who held the chair of chemistry and experimental philosophy at King's College (later University of Toronto) from 1842 to 1880, when ill health forced him to resign. The bride's mother, Mary-Anne Croft, née Shaw, came from a prominent Ontario family. The marriage was performed by Rev. Septimus Jones at the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto.

Between 1880 and 1883, Stinson Jarvis "made some name for himself in regard to certain important extradition cases in which he was counsel...his successes were chiefly in the criminal courts."¹⁸ These cases were fully reported

at the time.¹⁹ Unfortunately, with the exception of a few scattered issues in the Public Archives at Ottawa, there are in existence today no Niagara Falls newspapers for the period of the 1880s. The office of the Welland County Clerk is likewise unable to supply any information.

Because they were tried in special court, extradition cases are not found among the records of the Supreme Courts, Surrogate Courts, or County Courts. In fact, it seems probable that in the present instance such records no longer exist. A number of other cases in which Jarvis was counsel have been brought to light, however.

In the High Court of Ontario, Jarvis was counsel for the plaintiffs Annie Kerr, Mary Jane Kerr, Nellie Kerr, and Elizabeth Kerr, "infants under twenty-one and heirs at law of Mary Kerr, deceased, by Samuel Patton, their next friend", who were suing The Canada Southern Railway Company for damages on a writ issued August 28, 1882. He was counsel for Edna C. Fairbanks, who was suing Havins J. Crysler as administrator of Edna Crysler, deceased, for money paid; the writ was issued December 2, 1884. He also represented Thomas W. Read in an account case versus Elisha Joseph Fessenden; the writ was issued December 29, 1885.

In the Welland County Court, Jarvis represented landlords in two cases against tenants. The case of Orrinul B. Scott versus Highb Oeer (sic) commenced September 24, 1882. The case of Thomas Goodes versus Mrs. X. Ferguson commenced April, 1883. All the foregoing cases were tried in Welland, Ontario.

Despite the absence of records we may assume that Jarvis's competence in extradition matters was high and his reputation excellent, for in October, 1883, he was appointed by the Dominion Government to act judicially in extradition matters in the Province of Ontario. The document which records his appointment by a committee of the Privy Council, on the recommendation of the Minister of Justice, is dated 13 October, and was approved two days later.

The Canadian Extradition Act of April 28, 1877, makes provision for the extradition of fugitive criminals, defining the instances in which extradition proceedings may be instituted against an individual, and laying down proper procedure in such instances. Intended to supersede all previous acts and agreements, the Act specifically lists every crime to be considered an indictable offense under the new law.

Section 8 of the Extradition Act states that from time to time commissioners who will act judicially in extradition matters may be appointed in any Province or Territory, and that every appointee will, for the purposes of the Act, have all the powers and jurisdiction of any judge or magistrate in that particular Province or Territory. Stinson Jarvis was appointed to preside in Ontario under these terms.

Again, neither the Ontario Department of Public Records and Archives at Toronto, nor the Department of Justice at Ottawa, have any other information on this phase of his law career. It is not even clear how long Jarvis held the judicial post, or how long he was living at Niagara Falls. The Ontario Gazetteer and Business Directory for 1886 - 7 lists Thomas S. Jarvis, barrister, in the town of Niagara Falls, but there is no further information. The Canadian Law List of 1891 lists him as a lawyer in Toronto. The Public Archives of Canada were unable to determine the date at which Jarvis's appointment might have been terminated, but suggest it might well have been 1891. This was the last year he practised law, and the last in which he resided in Canada.

It is stated by Morgan that during the nine years after Jarvis's appointment "he was twice sent to England to arrange settlement of estates for clients in America."²⁰

Geoffrey Hampstead seems to have originated "during leisure moments"²¹-- "it was written for amusement during odd hours"²² away from Jarvis's law practice. The book was published in September, 1890, by the firm of D. Appleton and Co., New York, as No. 57 of the "Appleton's Town and Country Library" series. A hardcover and a paperback edition were priced respectively at \$1.00 and 50¢, although apparently the original issue was in paperback only. Shortly thereafter an identical Canadian edition, also labelled "Appleton's Town and Country Library, No. 57", was issued by the National Publishing Company, Toronto. Geoffrey Hampstead was the last of Stinson Jarvis's books to be brought out in a Canadian edition.

In this book the author drew upon a knowledge of crime and criminals gleaned from his work in the criminal courts. Far from being a mere mystery story, however, the book displays the author's wide familiarity with yachting, banking, and various other subjects; and an intuitive, unscientific theory of heredity which was a part of nineteenth-century "popular science". More important, Jarvis was able to give a colourful and convincing picture of Toronto as it was in the late 1880s.

"This was the most widely reviewed and praised novel of its year in this country",²³ claimed the New York weekly Frank Leslie's Illustrated. The statement is echoed in Morgan's account of Jarvis, and probably came directly from Jarvis himself. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to verify. Best-seller lists were not kept in those days. The fact is, however, that the book received at least 163 reviews. (As only an author would keep count of the number of reviews of a particular book, this information must have come from Jarvis himself.) The present writer has seen much evidence for ascribing to Jarvis a decided lack of modesty, and a peculiar carelessness about dates; but has had no reason to believe that Jarvis spread deliberate falsehoods about his success.

Be that as it may, the 163 reviews have proven most elusive. Only one is listed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature: it appeared in The Nation. A partial check of New York newspapers of the time shows that of the Times, Tribune, Evening Post, and Sun, only the last mentioned carried a review. One has also been found in the Chicago Times. Probably a large proportion of the reviews appeared in Canadian newspapers, and would therefore involve a formidable search. The few reviews seen were most favorable, and it is apparent that Geoffrey Hampstead was popular. Witness the fact that as late as

1902, the book was still listed in the United States Catalog - Books in Print.

The success of this novel and the pleasure he had in writing it determined Jarvis to leave Canada to begin a literary career in New York. So, at the age of thirty-seven, some time in 1891, he left Canada permanently.

Exactly what Jarvis originally meant to accomplish in New York is not known. Geoffrey Hampstead's "success suggested that works of fancy were really pleasanter than addressing juries,"²⁴ and therefore the author moved to New York "to take up the life of letters."²⁵ The Arena article intimates that there was some amount of altruism in the change. "It is natural," it states, "to desire that a lifetime of study and generalization should not be lost as to its results. We are not surprised that Stinson Jarvis abandoned the more lucrative practice of the law for the life of letters. We believe it was his duty to make this venture, and that to hold secreted in his own brain such a sequence of ideas...would be a wrong to others as well as to himself."²⁶ As explanations of Jarvis's hopes in coming to New York both these passages must be taken cum grano salis, the one being flippant, the other, pompous.

The first fruit of his new career appeared in February, 1892. In a weekly magazine called Sport,

Music and Drama (through a series of title and editorial changes eventually to become the famous Vanity Fair) there is a column entitled "A Regatta Committee's Report", by Thomas Stinson Jarvis. Significantly, Jarvis, still very much the lawyer, deals in this article with a fine point in yacht racing rules.

If Stinson Jarvis could not afford to be a member of the 'yachting set', at least he could associate with those who were, through his real skill as a yachtsman. There is no doubt that Jarvis sincerely loved the 'sport of millionaires'. But he loved also the millionaires themselves, and yachting offered the means of maintaining frequent contact and convivial relations with them.

Whether dealing with yachting science, history, rules, gossip, humor, or its social aspects, Jarvis's columns are almost inevitably interesting even to the layman. Jarvis was so fond of the sport himself that he could not write about it without enthusiasm. Most of the readers of his columns followed yachting as one of many sports; some had a passing knowledge of sailing; but very few would ever have the opportunity of participating on a regatta or going on a cruise. These readers must have found the glimpses of the yachting mystique which Jarvis provided most entertaining.

Some of the articles are extremely factual, and there is enough historical and technical information to

indicate that Jarvis knew his subject thoroughly. He never confounds the layman, however. In this respect Jarvis's yachting articles are models of good journalism. As long as there is any substance to the topic at hand, Jarvis manages to make it interesting. Such columns are quite readable, usually spiced with wit and containing a few nicely-turned phrases. Too, occasional remarks may relate to some of his other interests, or provide adjuncts, as it were, to the novels: In Geoffrey Hampstead and its sequel Dr. Perdue, there are long sequences depicting yachting cruises. This proved an effective device for character and plot development, while allowing the author to familiarly portray his favorite sport without breaking up the story-line.

Therefore most of Jarvis's yachting articles are of some worth as literature; an exception is the work he did for the New York Tribune, which will be discussed later on in this study.

In all, Jarvis did seven articles for Sport, Music and Drama between February 17 and April 27, 1892. After this date he seems to have been replaced by Capt. A.J. Kenealy.

Aside from articles, Jarvis also contributed to Sport, Music and Drama a rare attempt at poetry, or at least verse. "A Cry of Victory -- How I Beat the Vamoose",

published in July, lampoons Munro and Hearst, two protagonists in a then-current yachting news item.

One month after beginning in Sport, Music and Drama, Jarvis did his first column for Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, a paper with which he was to be associated for many years. This March, 1892 article, "The Steam Yacht Conqueror", comments on F.W. Vanderbilt's effort to bring his \$77,750 British-built yacht back to the U.S. without having to pay a \$35,000 duty on it. Again, this early article is written from a lawyer's standpoint, Jarvis giving a summary of the legal proceedings involved in what was then a test case.

Jarvis's early contributions to Leslie's Weekly were for the most part yachting articles. However there also was the character study "The Pride of Margaret Alleyne," perhaps the only short story Jarvis ever published; and "A Foreigner's View of the World's Fair", a rather empty panegyric of the Chicago Exposition. He continued to contribute occasional yachting articles to Leslie's Weekly through 1899, but the bulk of his work after March, 1894, was to be in the sphere of dramatic criticism.

During August, 1892, Jarvis competed in two regattas. In that of the Atlantic Yacht Club, he was on J. Rogers Maxwell's Shamrock. In the Larchmont Yacht Club regatta,

he was on the Viator, the yacht of W. Gould Brokaw. Rarely is there found specific mention, as there is in this case, of Jarvis's participation in yachting events. But it is certain that he not only wrote about, but was involved in, many other regattas during the time he was living in New York.

On August 10 the family celebrated a marriage: Stinson Jarvis's brother Stephen wed Agnes Scott.

The most important event of the year, however, was the publication of a second novel. The Chicago firm of Laird and Lee had initiated a new series of paperback novels. As an incentive to writers and readers alike, they offered a prize for each manuscript chosen for publication. The justly-named "Laird and Lee's Prize Novels" were priced at 50¢ each. They were to be issued quarterly, and subscriptions could be taken out. The first of these prize novels was Cortlandt Laster, Capitalist, by one Harley Deene, and Jarvis's Doctor Perdue was the second. Although this latter bears the date November, 1892, it is not likely that the first printing had wide distribution; perhaps it went only to subscribers. Deene's book had reached its seventh edition (i.e., seventh printing) by the time Doctor Perdue appeared; this is an indication that these books were printed in small, frequent lots.

At any rate, no press reviews earlier than February 18, 1893 have been found.

Doctor Perdue bore on its wrapper the caption: "This novel has been awarded the \$1,000.00 Cash Prize offered by Laird and Lee for the best original American novel submitted them between May 2 and September 30, 1892". Indeed, it was selected from among over six hundred rival manuscripts, according to one report.²⁷ Like Geoffrey Hampstead, to which it forms the sequel, its popularity is evident in the fact that it was still in print in 1902, although now in the "Pastime Series", and priced at 25¢.

In the same month that Doctor Perdue was first published, the Century printed an essay by Jarvis entitled "Female Humorists and American Humor", and the previously mentioned "Pride of Margaret Alleyne" appeared in Leslie's Weekly. These were probably the first of Jarvis's purely literary works to be published in magazines.

By 1893, Stinson Jarvis was a frequent contributor to Leslie's Weekly, besides holding a regular position as yachting editor of the New York Tribune. It is difficult to ascertain precisely when Jarvis joined the newspaper because the Tribune did not print by-lines on articles by staff members. The information given in an obituary of Jarvis published in the Los Angeles Times, that he edited

the Tribune yachting section for thirteen years, cannot be accurate. He did not even live in New York so long.

As most of the yachting items in the Tribune were quite restricted in scope, offering no opportunity for the columnist to show peculiarities of style, they might have been written by Jarvis or by any competent journalist. Certainly Jarvis, as editor, was writing only some of these articles and news reports.

That Jarvis became yachting editor in 1893 is therefore a conjecture inferred largely from an examination of the Tribune index. In the year 1891, the earliest Jarvis could have been writing for this newspaper, all yachting articles are listed under the heading, "Regattas". These are few in number, and represent nothing but simple news reports of the regattas of various clubs. The listing for 1892 is similar, showing no great increase in the number of items.

The 1893 articles, however, are now listed under "Yachting", and there is a significant increase in number. There are yachting editorials, for the first time. These facts suggest the establishment of a specific yachting editorship in the year 1893.

In addition to these activities, Jarvis was putting the finishing touches on a manuscript for another book.

It would seem that he had been gathering material for The Ascent of Life over a period of years. Jarvis's interest in psychic phenomena dated back to his days as a law student. Towards the end of 1893, Jarvis succeeded in interesting the publishers of The Arena magazine in his new book, and arrangements were made to serialize it.

The Boston periodical, Arena, was a dignified and respected magazine of what would today be called the social sciences: history, philosophy, politics, religion, sociology, and last, but not least, psychic science. It must be realized that at that time the philosophy of empiricism had not developed the strength it wields today. Darwin's findings, themselves empirical and properly belonging only to biology, were in fact exerting great influence in each of the fields mentioned above. Disciplines were not so rigidly defined, and tended to agglomerate, so that there could exist for example such thing as a "chair of chemistry and experimental philosophy", an actual post which was held by Jarvis's father-in-law at King's College.

Likewise, the line between science and pseudo - or metaphysical science tended to be blurred. Intellectuals of the day gave equal repute to the studies of geology and, for example, physiognomy. The standards of empirical proof for all branches of study were equally non-rigorous; the idea was more important than the fact.

All this helps to explain why Jarvis's Ascent of Life created such a flurry of excitement among readers of The Arena, almost all of whom were educated people. The book, which today appears a curious hybrid, was then regarded as a profound application of Darwin's theories to the study of psychic phenomena, among which hypnotism was then placed. The less empirical a subject was, the less it was likely to be appreciated by non-intellectuals. So it was that The Ascent of Life, which Jarvis considered to be his greatest work, was extravagantly (and sincerely) praised in a few quarters, yet remained unknown elsewhere.

With the beginning of volume nine of the Arena, the work appeared in six installments, from December, 1893, through May 1894. It was published as a book shortly thereafter.

This work gained for Jarvis the respect of intellectuals, and the stature of an intellectual himself. So enthusiastic about his own ideas was he that he soon completed a novel written to illustrate them, to show the "ascent of life" at work in a story. The novel, She Lived in New York, shows Jarvis at his best; it stands, irrespective of whatever it was meant to illustrate, as a far more important book than The Ascent of Life.

On March 29 Jarvis published a sketch of the famous actress, Ellen Terry, in Leslie's Weekly. It is clear, even from the article itself, that he was immensely proud of having been granted the rarely-interviewed Miss Terry's permission to "say a few words", and that he fairly worshipped her as an ideal woman. It must have been with her voice still in his ears that he dedicated the book edition of The Ascent of Life to her.

According to Morgan, "The Ascent of Life was issued early in 1894, the author spending the remainder of the year in Paris and London, where his works had made him friends in the artistic community." The dates of this trip can be fairly well established. A March 13 letter addressed from his home at 345 West 34th Street, New York; a yachting article in Leslie's, June 14, which had to have been written in New York; and an August 17 report in the same paper, datelined Cowes, Isle of Wight (in Leslie's, August 30), all indicate that Jarvis went to Europe in late June, July, or early August. A December 27 review of a dramatic adaptation of Hall Caine's The Manxman indicates his return to the U.S.

During 1894-5, Jarvis carried on a brief correspondence with Henry J. Morgan, a Canadian who was interested in including an entry on Jarvis in a reference book he was then compiling, Canadian Men and Women of the Time. Some

of Jarvis's letters to Morgan are extant -- an earlier letter is alluded to in the first of these and there may have been others. They reveal so much of Jarvis's personality, that it has been thought best to reprint them here in their entirety:

1.

345 West 34th St. -
New York - 13 Mch - 94

Dear Mr. Morgan

I enclose to you the notes previously referred to,²⁸ and also a copy of Arena (Dec 93) in the prospectus of wh. you will find (at the back) a re-print of the Arena's record of my work, &c-

I shall be glad to hear from you as to how far the enclosed notes can be used by you, and if you care to read a copy of the Boston work I shall be happy to send it to you -

Yours very sincerely

Stinson Jarvis

Henry J. Morgan esq
Ottawa -

P.S. (on back of envelope) I have not been able as yet to get back from the Arena the reviews referred to, so cannot at present forward the duplicates of those quoted from notebook.

2.

I think you wrote to me before about supplying material for biography. I cannot remember whether I sent it. Perhaps you will kindly write as to this?

Address:

Stinson Jarvis
Dramatic Editor -
Leslies Ild Weekly
New York City

11-June - 94:

3.

345 West 34th St
New York - 10 Mch: 95 -

Dear Mr Morgan

Thanks for your letter and the mention of the work by Chadwick²⁹ which my father is looking up for me in Toronto.

I have written to Boston to recover some reviews and other printed material left with the Arena Magazine when this publication produced an account of my life-works & but I fear these are hopelessly mislaid. I can however send you what the Arena issued, which to some extent copied the previous account printed by "Leslies Weekly" of New York. I am arranging some short extracts from these, as a form of suggestion, if I may speak of it as such, to you - and possibly to save you trouble.

As to your query as to other Canadians living in U.S. I beg to say that my friend E.W. Thomson, formerly editor of The Globe (though a conservative in every instinct) and now one of the editors of "The Youths Companion", Boston - He is son, or grandson, or old Colonel Thomson of Toronto & is one of the old stock. He is the best literary critic that Canada ever possessed and you should by all means have him in - address him, "Editorial Room 10, "The Youths Companion", Boston, Mass." - You can tell Thomson that I said it was his duty to be in your book.

Yours very sincerely,

Stinson Jarvis

H.J. Morgan Esq -

Probably attached to the above letter, but at any rate dating from about the same time, is this fragment in Jarvis's own hand:

Stinson Jarvis

Previous to the issue of this work, (i.e. Morgan's book) two records of the life and works of Stinson Jarvis have already been published in the United States: - by "Leslies Weekly" of New York³⁰ and by the Arena magazine of Boston.³¹ This account is therefore chiefly clipped from published material and from different reviews of his books.

"When much variation appears in the account of a life one is apt to acquire one-sided impressions. Many young people are omnivorous readers from earliest years and yet so earnestly seek various sports that the real balance between the out-door and in-door occupations is lost sight of. That Stinson Jarvis took some classical prizes does not seem to accord with foxhunting twice a week at the meets of the 13th. Hussars. Yet the book on oriental travel, written before he was 20, suggests that in the previous school days he was doing something more than play (sic) cricket. That he held the bowling prize for two years at his college and has been captain of two cricket teams does not necessarily imply that chosen studies ceased."

"Stinson Jarvis was born at Toronto, 31 May 1854, and received the earlier part of his education at Upper Canada College. At 17 he was sent away for a year's travel. His father, Stephen Jarvis, now one of the oldest members of the Canadian Bar, judged that this was more profitable than a university course. After seeing Europe and passing a winter in Italy the son visited various oriental countries and at his return had perhaps travelled more widely than any other Canadian. His first effort in literature,....."

The two salient personal characteristics that are evident from these letters are absent-mindedness³² and egoism, both developed to an extraordinary degree. The appearance of the letters suggests that they were written in great haste and with little care for neatness. On the other hand, Jarvis's well-meaning, if boisterous, humour makes itself felt in the reference to E.W. Thomson. Here, too, writing to a Canadian, about a Canadian, Jarvis is discovered in the act of considering himself a Canadian.

The book by E.M. Chadwick which is mentioned in one of the letters is Ontarian Families, published in 1894. A genealogy of the important families of Ontario, it includes the Ontario branch of the Jarvises. Stinson Jarvis himself is noted in volume one, page 128. The entry is of interest because it shows that Jarvis had no children at the time, although he had been married for approximately thirteen years. Yet it is known that he eventually did have three children. The point will be taken up later in this study.

In connection with E.W. Thomson, mentioned in one of the letters, it may be interesting to note that Jarvis had seven items published in Thomson's magazine, The Youth's Companion, between 1893 and 1896.

Earlier, it was mentioned that there was a complementary novel to The Ascent of Life: She Lived in New York appeared in the fall of 1894, brought out by The Judge Publishing Company. This firm published not only The Judge, a famous humour magazine, but also Eslie's Weekly, which makes it clear why Jarvis gave the manuscript to them. It is possible that he might have had trouble with other publishers, because the book is unusually bold for its time. Jarvis is

explicit about such Victorian taboos as sex, alcohol, drugs, and squalor. Yet it would be a mistake to think of the author as a sensationalist; the purpose of the book was to depict moral disintegration, and to show that "the wages of sin is death". Such a book written without such an ultimate purpose would have been considered grossly immoral by Jarvis.

However, She Lived in New York created no stir, and probably is the least-known of all Jarvis's little-known works. The present writer has not uncovered a single press review of the book; there may well have been a few, but because it was issued only in paperback, without even a thousand-dollar prize to attract attention, it would have been considered beneath the dignity of most newspapers and magazines in those days to review it.

At the beginning of 1895, Jarvis was still writing for Leslie's Weekly -- indeed, almost every week. Occasionally he even had two articles in the same issue. These were all on theatre topics, mostly reviews of plays, except for one, a short tribute to the recently-deceased Canadian premier, Sir John Thompson.

Then, after the February 14, 1895 issue, there were no more signed articles. Jarvis's name was not to

appear in Leslie's again until March, 1899. But this does not necessarily indicate that he left the paper.

All during the time that Jarvis had been doing the "Our Players" column, a weekly review of the New York stage, he had been only one of a number of contributors to it. Harry P. Mawson, a playwright himself, had done more reviews than Jarvis; Henry Tyrrell, Lyster Sandford, and Kate Jordan, had each written quite a number. In addition there had been some anonymous reviews.

The reason for this is that Jarvis was not only contributing his own reviews and articles, but editing all drama material. In the June 11, 1894 postal card to Henry J. Morgan previously quoted, Jarvis gave his address as "Dramatic Editor, Leslie's Ill'd Weekly". After February, 1895, when his name stopped appearing, he may have given up writing reviews and spent all his time editing. (It should be noted here that he was still working for the N.Y. Tribune as yachting editor). A few unsigned theatre reviews after February, 1895, may have been written by him.

After 1896, particularly, the need for a full-time dramatic editor must have increased, due to a change in format. Regular reviews were no longer done; instead, theatre news consisted mainly of photographs, with an accompanying text, never more than

a few paragraphs in length, which may have been written by Jarvis. Because of the nature of this sort of writing, however, it is of no particular interest even if he did do it.

Besides two pieces in The Youth's Companion, perhaps the only other article by Jarvis to appear during 1895 was a contribution to the Arena, "How Evolution Evolves". In effect this was a restatement of The Ascent of Life.

Little can be said of Jarvis's activities during the year 1896. He published a final article in The Youth's Companion, and three items in Rudder, a yachting publication, one of which is a detailed history of yachting on the Great Lakes.

Of possible significance is the fact that the heading in the Tribune index changed in 1896 from "Yachting", to "Sports", sub-heading "Yachting." This changed back in 1898, and remained so. It is known that Jarvis was still working for the Tribune later on, from references in Morgan (1898), and Leslie's Weekly (1899). The change may be indicative of the reversion of yachting material to the office of the Sports Editor during the two years.

In 1897, it will be recalled, the format of the drama page in Leslie's Weekly was changed, and it is likely that Jarvis was back, if he had ever left, although there were still no signed articles. Between April, 1897, and April, 1898, four more articles of his were printed in The Arena. These were "The Priesthood of Art" (April, 1897); "The Creative Man" (August, 1897); "The Truly Artistic Woman" (December, 1897); and "America a Power" (April, 1898). This made a total of eleven articles published in The Arena, if each installment of The Ascent of Life is considered an article. The only mention of this by Jarvis is the somewhat vulgar comment that "a Boston publication, which pays the largest prices in America, accepted eleven of his stories".³³

1898 was also the year in which Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of the Time was issued. The entry for Jarvis is one of the longest in the book. Perhaps one reason for this, as has been shown, is that Jarvis took pains to send Morgan as much material as possible, almost as though he expected Morgan to be writing a book on him alone. The fragment of autobiography which Jarvis sent to Morgan is very near to what actually was printed, as far as it goes, although there is more detail in the manuscript: it would seem that Morgan took Jarvis's suggestion,

using Jarvis's notes and writing little of his own. It is of course unfortunate that the rest of the manuscript has been lost, but similarities in style, and the reference to "his usual division of outdoor and indoor work"³⁴ in the latter part of Morgan's article indicates that it, too, was virtually written by Jarvis. Other phrases in Morgan's article are taken from the biographical sketches of Jarvis in Leslie's Weekly and The Arena, which Jarvis had sent to Morgan. Certain quirks of style suggest that sections of these also were written by Jarvis himself. It can be seen, then, that wherever Morgan has been cited in this study, it is usually Jarvis, in effect, who is actually being quoted.

How long Jarvis's fame was to last is symbolized by the fact that when a second edition of Morgan's work was published in 1912, the article on Jarvis had been cut to less than ten percent of its original length.

Again, in this 1898 source, there is no mention of Jarvis's having children.

In March of 1899, Jarvis's name once again appeared in Leslie's Weekly, under a short article entitled "The Sport of the Merciless Sea", a description of an unusual shipwreck in which the boat had run aground

during a storm and demolished a house on shore.

In the fall of 1899, Jarvis did a number of articles on the America's Cup race, both before and after it had been run. Like the Sport, Music and Drama articles years before, these reveal an inexhaustible knowledge of the science and history of yachting. "Why I Fear the Shamrock" bears the caption: "A well-known yachting expert thinks America may lose the International Cup, and he tells why he thinks so," and concludes: "Mr. Jarvis is the conscientious yachting expert of the New York Tribune, and his opinion will be read with no little interest."³⁵ It may be mentioned in passing that the Shamrock lost.

On October 28, 1899, Leslie's Weekly carried a column, "The Drama in New York", which was signed "Jason", a portmanteau of "Stinson Jarvis" which provides a logical and appropriate pseudonym. Only a short time before, Leslie's had reverted to a regular drama column, after having printed very little drama material of any kind during 1898. However, this October, 1899, column was the first one which was signed. During the next four years, over one hundred articles by

"Jason" were to be printed.

"Jason" does write like the familiar Jarvis, but tends to put more emphasis on "good" qualities of Christian morality found in the various plays than seemed Jarvis's wont in the past. While his views are the same as they were earlier, the tolerance which was so apparent in his 1894 - 5 reviews seems diminished. At this point Jarvis was almost forced to write for the tastes of the general theatre-going public. It is likely however that his true views were very much the same as theirs. A case in point was his reaction to the famous Sapho scandal of 1900, for a discussion of which, see chapter 3 of the present study.

Actually, very few of the Jason columns are as interesting as his "Sapho Not Worth Seeing".³⁶ In most of them, productions are reviewed perfunctorily, and many of these are light opera or vaudeville of no artistic pretensions. Jarvis vastly preferred Weber and Fields' Sapolio, a burlesque travesty, to the original Sapho.

"The Perils of Oriental Journalism",³⁷ a humorous little filler which was printed in June, 1901, was seemingly the last article in Leslie's to bear the name of Stinson Jarvis.

In October, 1903, the last "Jason" column appeared. Jarvis also left the Tribune in 1903. At the end of the year he left New York, entirely, to settle in Southern California. While his literary career was not wholly at an end, his chance for fame was. Jarvis disliked routine, and perhaps it was the routine of his literary occupations in New York that had gradually extinguished his enthusiasm. Now, at fifty, he was virtually going into retirement.

Between the time he began studying law and the time he moved to Southern California, Stinson Jarvis was, in one way or another, a public figure. He had published books, written essays and reviews; publicity notes had appeared in newspapers and magazines. Productive activity did not cease when he left New York. Yet certainly Stinson Jarvis was not heard from as much as in former years, and little is known about this final period of his life.

Aside from having been a creative artist, Jarvis tried to make his mark in a more deliberate way: many of the particulars of his life would be unknown today were it not that he had written about them himself and made sure they were published. He wrote his publicity

notes for posterity. The phrase "the life and works of Stinson Jarvis", used by Jarvis himself in one of his communications to Morgan, is an indication of this. The article on Jarvis which was printed in The Arena is permeated with the same feeling.

From what is known about the last twenty-two years of Stinson Jarvis's life, however, the conclusion may be drawn that he had, as it were, given up on posterity. During the remainder of his life, the last biographer who cared to include a few paragraphs on Jarvis in a book was Archibald MacMurchy, in his Handbook of Canadian Literature (1906). After this, Jarvis was ignored by Canadians and Americans alike.

It is interesting to speculate on Jarvis's meteoric plummet to utter obscurity and his apparent resignation to it. Jarvis had at one time been almost a celebrity, from a Canadian point of view. What had happened?

It was his leaving Canada which brought about his effacement there within such a short time. It could hardly have been otherwise. By 1894, a scant three years after having gone, he had written his last book, with the exception of the much later Price of Peace.

More to the point, Jarvis had never emphasized his Canadian-ness. There was no question of Canadian identity in those days; an English Canadian was a British subject and an Englishman. The Ontario Jarvises, though descended from a man who had arrived in America in 1656, had never been anything but English. Though Jarvis, in Geoffrey Hampstead, had unconsciously written a truly Canadian novel, this was due to his ability for local colour and vivid character portrayal, rather than any deliberate nationalism.

As far as Jarvis's place in the history of U.S. literature is concerned, there is no indication that he was ever considered an American writer. The longer he remained in the U.S., the more American he considered himself, but even admitting this, his total contribution to American literature was a mere four books, a few essays, and some ephemera. He is not mentioned in any works on American literature.

The curious ambivalence of his position vis a vis Canada and the U.S., and the relatively short span of time during which he actually was a "professional writer" -- little more than ten years -- are partially responsible for his neglect by both countries. Added to this is the undeniable fact that Stinson Jarvis was

not prolific; he simply did not write enough.

Why Jarvis took the important step of leaving New York may never be known, but it would seem to have been a matter of personality at least as much as circumstance. Why, for that matter, did he earlier give up a successful law career?

The answer that suggests itself is that Jarvis abhorred being trapped by routine. The position of extradition judge was a safe one, and seems to have come to him easily. But gradually it became stifling to his creativity: he wrote a book and burst out of the old life. Likewise the positions of yachting editor for a large newspaper, and dramatic critic for a popular weekly, were both comfortable posts. But they stifled the man. He loved both the drama and yachting, but both these positions were imbued with routine, and his writing shows it. The "Jason" reviews represent some of the worst writing he ever did, and the Tribune work need hardly be considered. And so Jarvis left it all behind, and went to California.

Jarvis settled in Los Angeles, which at that time was a city of only about 100,000 people. A mailing address dating from 1912 is given as Box 116, Station C, North Angeles, California. Mr. W.C. Potter of the

United States Post Office at Los Angeles has pointed out that the name "North Angeles" is etymologically senseless, and that no such place ever existed either as a postal or administrative entity; obviously, Los Angeles is meant. Until the early 1930s Station "C" was located at Arcadia and Main Streets in the central down-town district of Los Angeles, although whether Jarvis actually lived near there is not known.

In 1906 Jarvis made a substantial magazine contribution, but it was not his own writing. "Reminiscences of a Loyalist", the memoirs of his great-grandfather, Colonel Stephen Jarvis, appeared in four installments in The Canadian Magazine, January through April. Jarvis's editing of these memoirs involved one large cut, as well as the insertion of numerous foot notes. Most of these are simply explanatory, but in one or two, Jarvis manages to get himself into the picture. A trace of Jarvis's romantic spirit comes through in a fairly long "Editor's Note" at the conclusion, and serves as a sample of Jarvis's prose style at this period. As early as 1893 Jarvis had the idea of bringing this manuscript to light. In that year The Arena wrote that Colonel Jarvis's life, "as it still appears in his own manuscript, was a romantic one, and will be published in the form of a historical novel." 38

It is known that during the winter of 1908, Jarvis went on a cruise to Lower California (part of Mexico) and the islands off its coast. The boat was Mr. Frank Garbutt's auxiliary schooner Skidbladnir, and the following year, Jarvis published an illuminating account of their experiences in this little-known part of the world. This was one of three articles printed in Yachting magazine between 1909 and 1911.

In 1912, the second edition of Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of the Time was put out. Even at this late date, no children are mentioned, but it is certain that Jarvis did have children by this time. The eldest was Ruth Jarvis, and there were two boys, Edward Peters and Stephen Maule Jarvis.

In 1913 and 1914 appeared a very curious group of articles by Jarvis, which were published in the Los Angeles Times. "Homer's History of Britain" (January 1913), "The Statesmanship of Religion" (August 3), "Record Showing British Origin of the Aztecs" (October), and "The Original Heaven and Hell" (January, 1914) were apparently all excerpts from something called "The Jarvis Letters". As two of the articles were from "Chapter XIV" of this work, it was evidently a complete or well-advanced manuscript.

It seems an unlikely work to appear in a newspaper. Jarvis's main point is that a 13,000-year-old Druid priesthood had originated and controlled the civilizations and religions of the world, including North and South America. At first sight these articles are unreadable, because they are so overloaded with lists of words in various languages which are supposedly shown to be related. Most of these etymologies are far-fetched and the whole is reminiscent of the "word salad" of a psychotic. But after a while a pattern emerges, and the work takes on a peculiar logic of its own. It is a powerful example of non-scientific science. Jarvis's supposed facts seem absurd, and empiricists would scorn it. And yet, a reading of these articles is worthwhile, for most of what Jarvis is saying is absolutely true. His theories about the bringing-on of war are most convincing. Jarvis's error was only that he didn't realize that these "Druids" were no separate race, but are a class of men who exist in every culture in every age. The Druids are all around us even today; in America, they are called "Hawks". To Jarvis's mind, they had to be a concrete existence; the idea that they could originate among us was apparently too horrible for him to

contemplate. Years earlier, when he had perhaps been stronger, he had written of one of these men; his name was Geoffrey Hampstead. But Hampstead had been redeemed, through a new understanding of himself. And Jarvis believed that the world could be redeemed if it would heed his explanation of the origins of war. Jarvis was being naive, and hopelessly visionary, but he was not wrong.

Jarvis's conclusions as to the meaning of the catastrophe of World War One apparently spurred him to rewrite "The Jarvis Papers." This new book, The Price of Peace, is not long. While similar in content to the earlier articles, it has been completely reworked. It is a strange book, but its overwhelming sincerity imparts to it an air of poignancy. All that has been written above about the Times articles applies to this book. It is a puzzle, and the reader may well question the sanity of the author, who makes sweeping generalizations which purport to be historical fact, and never for a moment questions his own views, though they bear no resemblance to any that have ever been expounded before. Yet the conclusions he reaches, which the present author considers to be the real substance of the book, are quite valid.

In 1921, Jarvis took the manuscript to J.F. Rowny, head of a publishing company which continues to this day to print literature of a theosophical nature. The J.F. Rowny Press, Los Angeles, issued the book in December, 1921. Mr. Rowny, now of Santa Barbara, California, recalls: "I first met Mr. Jarvis through the kindness of the late Dr. Hazeldine³⁹ of Los Angeles, California, evidently an old friend of his... The book was virtually sold out by the early 1930s." Rowny describes Jarvis as a "Gibraltar-like" character, as is certainly illustrated in The Price of Peace, in which firmness and unshakeable self-confidence are amply illustrated. "Not only was he a barrister or judge in Canada," continues Mr. Rowny, "but evidently a life-long student of archaeology. He travelled in many parts of the world to substantiate his claims about the ancient Druids, their religion, arts, and sciences."

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, along with their two children, lived in Balboa, California. Balboa is on the coast about sixty miles south of Los Angeles, and is still known today as a yachting resort community. Jarvis moved there in 1921. His daughter had meanwhile married Mr. Andrew McKay Scott, who is

incidentally listed in the Cumulative Book Index as the distributor of The Price of Peace; exactly what business A.M. Scott & Co. were engaged in is not known, but they were not publishers. According to Mr. Rowny, Jarvis "lived in retirement and enjoyed spending some of his leisure hours on his small yacht."

The Price of Peace was not the sort of book that could ever enjoy wide popularity, but it has apparently maintained a small following among West Coast theosophists.⁴⁰

Jarvis married a second time, but it is not known when this occurred, or what became of his first wife. The second wife, Emily Jarvis, is described as "a prominent Balboa club woman." No further information has been found on this score.

On Thursday, December 31, 1925, Jarvis journeyed to Los Angeles to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Scott, at 1011 West Fifth Street. Shortly after, he became seriously ill, and succumbed on Saturday, January 2, 1926. He was 71 years of age.

Funeral services were held on Monday, January 4, at the Little Church of the Flowers, Los Angeles, at 1 p.m. A death notice which was printed in the Times of the preceding day had carried the postscript, "Toronto, Can.; New York City and Boston papers please copy." It was a genteel, but useless gesture; these cities had forgotten him.

Chapter 3: AESTHETIC PHILOSOPHY AND RELATED IDEAS

Stinson Jarvis expressed his aesthetic principles quite clearly in various essays and in the earlier drama reviews. It will be seen that these correspond closely to his evolutionary theories.

Jarvis's favorite artists were George Eliot, Thackeray, and Balzac in prose fiction; Tennyson and Sir Edwin Arnold in poetry; Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, and Arthur Wing Pinero in drama. In painting, he admired Millais. Byron, Zola, de Maupassant, and Sardou he considered inferior, and for Aubrey Beardsley and other followers of the Aesthetic movement he evinced a patent dislike. In Jarvis's view, the question of greatness in an artist must include value. The purpose of all art is to exert an improving influence on mankind.

The artist is a person who is more in tune with nature than the ordinary man. Thus he has it within his power to interpret nature, which was to Jarvis an improving, benevolent force showing definite intentions and requirements for art. Like more primitive animals, man too, is evolving into something greater. Art is the greatest motivating force in this process of

evolution -- really an evolution of the soul, or, to use Jarvis's term, a "soul-school."

Therefore the artist is nature's priest, and by revealing to the world what Jarvis calls "the higher susceptibilities of man's nature," he tends to bring the more ordinary members of his audience up to his level. The artist ordinarily has no thought of doing good. To outsiders, he often seems to be the most irresponsible creature on earth. And yet, by allowing his own creations to advance himself, the artist affects others over whom he has an unseen influence; he can give "healthy and lovely ideals to those who imagine poorly."¹

By the same token, the artist can also hurt mankind. "The faculty for imaging, and the tendency to become that which is imaged, are continually being utilized in degrading ways. He who creates has in him the shaping of other lives. This terrible truth of human life is the one most ignored....when the artist, by producing fascinating kinds of lower-grade nature, causes retrogression, he is in effect personating the mediaeval devil, in presenting ideals which degrade. The best value in art is not arrived at by truth to any kind of nature, but by truth to the better, more advanced kinds."²

So the question of "what is art?" is a relative one. Jarvis believed in a hierarchy of ideals just as firmly as he believed in a hierarchy of biological evolution. Depending upon what stage of this hierarchy a particular person is at, a given work of art may be helpful, inoperative, or harmful. "Some can safely gain a salutary recoil and an unpleasant wisdom by descending with Zola to the lower world"³, he writes. The emphasis is on "some". Or again, "Some tastes in human nature are not as high as others. But we did not make, and are not responsible for, nature. In dealing with the masses of mankind the best judgment is always a compromise"⁴.

Likewise, he feels that much of the art of the past has lost its value to the modern man. The stage of evolution which it represents as an ideal has long been surpassed, just as christianity has superseded paganism.

Jarvis's whole philosophy, being evolutionary, is on a sliding scale. He was always willing to take a constructive view of an artist's efforts, no matter how inferior he, personally, may have felt it to be. For there were some at least who would benefit by it.

Even pessimism itself, which Jarvis called "that burial of the living", could "not be called asinine, because with many it is a necessary soul-school process".⁵

However, the aesthetic movement was one which he could not justify. "Perhaps no saying", he writes, "Has done more harm than 'art for art's sake', which has provided for the countenancing of so many unprofitable pictures and plays. If these were true to some kind of nature, no matter how low, they were accepted. The advocates of this phase have often been criminally disobedient to their own intuitions when giving high rank to low-grade expressions merely because they were true to nature. They never seem to see that when human beings have arrived at higher grades they are intended to abandon the lower ones, and sometimes even to hate them."⁶

The "unprofitable" work of younger artists could be excused on the grounds that they had not yet discovered the superior value of uplifting creations, because they were still going through the soul-school. But if they did not rise from the depth of art for art's sake, they were to be strongly criticized.

The artist does not lecture. He coaxes, and his audience comes away unaware that they have been improved. One of the artist's most valuable means toward this end is humor. "How valuable is the sense of absurdity! How it winnows the wheat! And how gently it may displace the unnecessary! What a useful rectifier it has become!"⁷ And, in another article, "The sermon or novel which causes change is generally, now, the one which makes weakness⁸ seem absurd!"

The origin of humor is man's capacity to see truth, or at least, to discern untruth. "Accustomed since childhood to see the sawdust dropping out of everything, he ceases to allow his early passion for something to adore⁹ override his growing desire for truth!" Therefore the humorist is the truest sort of artist, and all real artists have to some extent been humorists.

Woman, however, is not capable of real humor. She makes idols, and is too much in earnest over her devotion to indulge in what would seem to her the worst kind of sacrilege. If in spite of her effort, the idol is thrown down, or throws itself down, "she becomes bitter, or sad, or savage, or religious -- but never humorous,"¹⁰ And so a female artist will never produce humor. Then how can she be called an artist? Here Jarvis's argument

is not firm. He admits that women do appreciate many kinds of humour when they are put before them, but singles out George Eliot (the novelist he admired most) as the only woman to have "created a Pecksniff". Women may arrive at a knowledge of human weakness, but only to condemn it. They are idealists who spend their lives imagining future happiness, or seeking consolation because it is lost, or never arrives.

Witty women do exist, Jarvis admits, but they discern incongruities only in channels outside those in which their devotions run; they never attain the general view. In their writings, the thoughts which are part of or analogous to such gods as they possess always absorb them first.

What puzzles Jarvis is that there are a few women about whom these observations do not seem to hold true. He was fascinated with the figure of what he called "the truly artistic woman". His favourite author was George Eliot, who "more than any other authoress, attained the general view"; he also admired Vernon Lee, a female writer whose real name was Violet Paget; his favorite stage personality was Ellen Terry. All were artists, yet they did not behave like other women. Were they as nature intended them? Was this the authentic 'new woman'?

These questions preoccupied Jarvis in a number of his writings.

Writers had avoided portraying the intensely artistic woman, Jarvis felt, because hers was a nature more complex than their own; and even if the portrayal had lain within their reach, it would rarely have been understood. "Much that is admirable would be brought into peculiar alternation with weakness."¹¹

In some respects she is like other women. Though an artist, "she produces only while her idols exist. When life ceases to be in some way holy, or at any rate ideal, for her, then her creative faculty terminates.¹² She ends where man's talent as a humorist begins!"¹²

George Eliot was for many years living with a man without being married to him. Ellen Terry had a succession of lovers, a few illegitimate children, and a number of legal husbands. Yet these two women were admired by millions for their evocation of the highest grades of existence. How could a Victorian reconcile this anomaly?

In his essay on "The Truly Artistic Woman", Jarvis quotes a lengthy passage which illustrates her character -- one of the few such examples in literature, he feels. Ostensibly it is taken from a story which had been published anonymously, years earlier, in a French magazine.

Be that as it may, Madame Zerga bears a remarkable resemblance to Ellen Terry, although the latter name is not mentioned once in the article. The point illustrated is that "the world has vaguely felt that its greatest artists have in some undefined way been different from the rank and file, and has often shown its thanks by determinedly ignoring private histories." ¹³
(emphasis supplied.)

In Jarvis's view the truly artistic woman, a very rare creature indeed, could be explained by the fact that artistic natures are extremely susceptible to new impressions. In their work, they 'feel' rather than think -- using chiefly their intuitions. "And the peculiarity is this, that the same ability which produces world-delighting creations of a wholesome kind is equally powerful in idealizing pleasures or persons to such an extent that she is sometimes whirled away from common sense and business interests and even from accepted forms of propriety." ¹⁴

Of course she had a counterpart within the aesthetic movement, a creature Jarvis christens "the aesthetic female", and describes colorfully as "slim, willowy, sometimes skinny, with red lips, tired eyes, and a hunger for art. For many years she has been hanging over the

backs of chairs or draped against mantelpieces with one foot on the fender; seeking classic attitudes on hearth-rugs and sofas; has folded herself down like a jack-knife on the ottoman and sat like a letter K on the footstool; wistful, earnest, tired -- hungry for art. She has rhapsodized over pictures of slim creatures that might be either male or female, with wan faces and bad mouths, looking as if the originals had died in some orgy.¹⁵ And so on. Obviously he finds this kind of woman -- the Beardsley woman -- disgusting.

Among those things which belong to the lower grades of life is woman's purely sexual aspect. Like most Victorians, Jarvis rarely mentions sex (outside of his novel She Lived in New York, an unusual book for the period). Still, some interesting revelations about the mores of the day may be gathered from a few passages culled from his writings.

"...while we personally may from an artistic standpoint object very strongly to the undraped woman, we still can realize how often she may divert others from criminal and insane impulses."¹⁶

"One of our party...not content with seeing the living ladies from the front, was admitted by the manager behind the scenes...Across corridors girls were passing

in scanty and most unattractive white cotton...In their coarsely-ribbed cotton garments the different 'nudities' seemed to be nothing more than advertisements for 'Holmes' Union Combinations'."17

"This untrammelled intermingling at the seacoast is more free from sex than any other extensive public communion. Nothing but a sentry-box or barrel would protect the outline from discovery while in the surf; but nobody cares. The human form divine is a drug on the market. This ocean bathing non-sexes without unsexing. It postpones. It provides an inter-regnum. It claims the whole mind for its own frivolities. Men who have mummified their lady friends in summer sand are sometimes amused at the extreme care with which a dress is managed in the winter. Some of them have an idea that the winter modesty of summer girls is largely a matter of fashion and an appanage of the realm of allurements. Autres temps, autres mœurs. Nature never ceases to be odd in the enforcing of her temporary necessities. Cast iron rules of Puritans do not always hold good."18

In one of the foregoing passages Jarvis, perhaps unconsciously, drew an interesting parallel between the actress and the ordinary "respectable" Victorian woman, who was also, after all, a kind of actress. Neither would

bear scrutiny backstage, where the illusion vanishes. The seaside provides a rare opportunity for a woman to 'be herself'; but at such times it is better not to hold her responsible for being a woman -- it is better to forget the fact. When sex rears its ugly head, it must be ignored, for although not in itself evil, it leads to weakness.

His attitude toward woman's role is perhaps best summed up in the essay "Female Humorists and American Humor," where he writes, "If women are not up to (man's) humoristic level, it is because they cannot as yet tread the same arduous path. For his part, he thinks they suffer too much already; and he is content that they retain their power for worship -- especially of him."¹⁹

The question of the "new woman" was beginning to make itself heard at the time Jarvis was doing most of his writing. Woman's traditional role in society was being debated for the first time, particularly on the stage. Even the concept of marriage was undergoing reappraisal. In conjunction with his comments on the new theatre, Jarvis contributed some remarks on the "woman question."

Ibsen had first brought the woman question to the stage. In England, Henry Arthur Jones, Arthur Wing Pinero, and Sydney Grundy were his apostles -- the most "advanced" playwrights. Today our estimation of their views would range from "cautious" to "stodgy." At the time, however, they were true pioneers. They pursued a new path in the development of the British and American theatre -- the "drama of ideas." Not all their plays dealt with the new woman, but all of them did raise questions, philosophical questions which stimulated the audience. Whereas formerly plot and action had been supreme, now it was the idea which was essential. In the period of the 90s, a real turning-point in the history of the theatre, the old type of play was best represented by the French dramatist Victorien Sardou, the stylistic heir of Eugene Scribe, whose only use for a moral was as a tidy means of sewing up the plot. The new type of play culminated in the plays of Bernard Shaw, in which action, if there be any, is entirely subservient to idea.

Before Shaw appeared on the scene, however, Jones, Grundy, and Pinero monopolized British theatre. As there were no important native playwrights at the time, they monopolized the American theatre as well.

sardou was also popular, though representing a dying tradition.

Jarvis was a great admirer of Jones, Grundy, and Pinero. The very popularity of the new drama seemed to lend support to his theory of artistic evolution. He disliked Sardou, who represented to him a grade of human development that had now been surpassed.

Henry Arthur Jones (1851-1929) insisted that he was not a conscious disciple of Ibsen. But Ibsenism was an ever-present fact, and the new playwrights could not ignore the climate which had set in. Although the stage was for Jones a platform for social criticism, there remained a strong element of melodrama in his work. But his realistic dialogue and his ability to create dramatic tension show considerable skill. The reason his plays are not often revived today is that he was content with pointing out discrepancies within the framework of the Victorian moral code, without challenging the code itself. Therefore his ideas have comparatively little impact on present-day audiences.

Arthur Wing Pinero (1855-1934) also played a part in making the theatre respectable and attracting a fashionable and intellectual audience. His plays are particularly noteworthy for the admirable parts they

provide for women; and they demand sympathy for women, who in those days were judged by stricter standards than men. Again, the verdict of time has been severe because his plays are too firmly "of the period."

Sydney Grundy (1848-1914) is not generally classed in the same rank as Jones and Pinero. His plays tend to be melodramatic and sentimental, and in addition he did not subject realistic situations to any deep analysis; rather, he handled them conventionally. However he was conspicuous in his own day as one of the first dramatists merely to present realism on the stage.

In a review of Jones's drama, The Masqueraders, Jarvis shows his appreciation of the new school of plays. "It has been claimed by many critics who for lack of idea rush into cheap and easy blame, that we have too much of the sex problem before us in the drama. I differ...The sex problems, the rights, duties, and freedoms of women, wives and husbands, contain the vital questions of the era. On these points society is hovering over the course that leads toward gradual reformation. The 'new woman' is as inevitable with us as death and taxes...she exists throughout the world, determined to have her own way in regard to such freedoms, practices, and professions as may seem more

desirable to her than the carrying-out of the time-honored duties. And the difficulty for men (if they are honest) lies in this fact, that there is much to be said by the new woman that has reason in it."

Later on in the same article, he writes, "The plain truth is that there are thousands upon thousands of women who through multitudinous causes are unhappy in their marriage; and that they will seek satisfaction in greater freedom is as certain as tomorrow's sunrise. Our praise or blame is useless. We are spectators." But Jarvis's personal opinion, "useless" though it may be, agrees with Jones's main point: "Marriage means more than words and 'rights', and the new woman will still continue to learn the old, old lesson, that she is intended to be a fixture in the home -- and, in many cases, that the worst forms of married unhappiness are preferable to the loathsomeness of change."²⁰ Still, Jarvis probably would have agreed that there were some women capable of living up to new freedoms.

Pinero's best-known play is The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, a role made famous by Madge Kendal (1848-1935). This play was controversial because it

presents a "loose-minded woman" in a sympathetic light. Jarvis felt that it was a highly moral play. The heroine is "introduced to the consecration of marriage and is in process of being led by her love for husband and step-daughter to a higher and firmer life. But in spite of all these advantages and her own endeavors, the dreadful past rises up once more -- the whole thing ends in misery and despair, and the inevitable wages of sin are paid."²¹

An interview with Mrs. Kendal offered the opportunity for Jarvis to express his own ideas about the play by presenting Mrs. Kendal's side of the controversy, which he supported. He asked all the "right" questions, and allowed her to speak for herself. This was important, for, in keeping with what seems to have been a prevalent custom of the era, the critics had attacked Mrs. Kendal first, and the play second.

During this period Bernard Shaw was principally a critic, and was not yet known in America as a dramatist. He felt that Jones was superior to Pinero, on the grounds that his pictures of men, women, and society were true to life, whereas Pinero merely "flattered them with reflections of their own imaginings." Of course Shaw himself was to emerge as a far more important and revolutionary figure in the

theatre than either Jones or Pinero; still, they had prepared the way for him. Unfortunately by the time Shaw's plays began to appear on the New York stage, Jarvis had stopped writing reviews. It is interesting to conjecture what Jarvis's reaction to Shaw's radicalism and undeniable genius might have been. One is tempted to think that he would have liked Shaw.

As Shaw explains in the preface to his correspondence with Ellen Terry (published in 1931), there was a new concept of acting being developed, to correspond with the new concept of play-writing, at the end of the century. At the forefront of the movement were Henry Irving (1838-1905) and Ellen Terry (1847-1928). Shaw felt that Irving, although a great actor, lacked intellect, and had no idea of the difference between a good play and a bad one. Thus he inhibited Ellen Terry's superior genius and prevented her from taking her deserved place as the greatest interpreter of the new theatre.

Jarvis was another admirer of Ellen Terry, at least as much for her qualities as an ideal woman as for her talents as an actress. Irving he also admired; in the 1890s his retarding influence upon the progress of the

theatre was not yet apparent. Besides, this is a moot point which Jarvis might never have agreed with.

Like almost everyone else, Jarvis praised Beerbohm Tree (1853-1917), the brilliant English actor. He also admired the Kendals, and defended them in print against the attacks launched against them by the press. The production of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray led to demands from certain quarters that a law be passed to forbid the importation of foreign talent into the U.S. Jarvis, with his cosmopolitan views and Anglophile preferences, naturally opposed this, and considered it the doing of the large number of unemployed actors who were disgruntled because the Kendals always played to full houses.

Jarvis warmly lauded the American actress Kathryn Kidder (1868-1939) in the play that made her famous, Sardou's Madame Sans-Gene.²² About Victorien Sardou

(1831-1908) himself, Jarvis had little to say that was good. He once wrote that the better-known plays of

Pinero, Grundy, and Jones contained, individually, more cleverness than any three of Sardou's. His

Gismonda was nothing but "a story of lust and bloodshed without a single redeeming ray, and more absolutely

without a moral than a monkey-cage."²³

Bernard Shaw, incidentally, was so opposed to Sardou and everything he stood for that he coined the word "sardoodledom" to epitomize and to ridicule the concept of the piece bien faite. But it was not quite so easy to ridicule the actress whose name was always associated with that of Sardou -- Sara Bernhardt (1845-1923), for whom many of his plays were written.

Jarvis assented to the general opinion of Bernhardt as a great actress, but felt that her talent belonged to a savage, pre-Christian age. She was the exact opposite of Ellen Terry, specializing in the portrayal of "the really dangerous woman who refuses to disappear." And "what would the name of Sardou be without Sara Bernhardt? She can take one of his series of pictures, give a real life to his 'situations', and cut down his text until the play is a mere harness-rack for her own talents. This combination can fake the world from end to end -- and, by the way, do it a good deal of harm."²⁴

The French stage was markedly different from the English at this period, and Jarvis looked askance at most of its productions. In his interview with Mrs. Kendal, Jarvis says, "But the public cannot like Mrs. Tanqueray .

Vulgarity checks sympathy. Could not the play be made still more effective by introducing some refinement that would win the spectator?" Mrs. Kendal replies, "And where, then, would the moral be? The moral would be nil. I am not here to incline people toward 'liking' the nature of a former courtesan. Quite the reverse. I leave that to the French stage, with its languishing Camilles²⁵ who die so touchingly that the audience goes away more than half in love with refined vice." This is typical of the almost superstitious Victorian attitude toward a good deal of French art, which is today judged not so much immoral as amoral. But to Jarvis, and to the majority of Victorians, amorality was quite as harmful as immorality. For this reason, he disliked Prevost's classic, Manon Lescaut, about which he wrote "I would be glad to point out its moral - only I never could find that it contained any - save, perhaps, that moral which total absence of moral may give rise to...to describe Manon might seem to explain it, and to explain might seem to countenance or even condone it..."²⁷

Along with his interest in the theatre went the old and eternal question, "How far does the individuality of genius identify itself with the character

personated?...We never know what unhealed griefs and secret emotional torrents may help to rush one soul into seeming identification with another." In his article on Ellen Terry Jarvis discusses this question. Those who deny the ability of one soul to identify itself with other individualities unconsciously confess their own mediocrity, Jarvis feels. With "the great ones of the stage", the faculty is real, and the actor is the character. Edwin Booth, Eleanora Duse, Sara Bernhardt, George Macready, and Ellen Terry have all possessed this ability. In a later article (1896) he credits Olga Nethersole (1870-1951), then playing the role of Camille, with this same "genius of the stage." "What happens in the infinite mental mysteries when the individual is forcibly altered? In a true actor, where is the border-land between genius and insanity? The star of Olga Nethersole²⁸ has not yet reached its zenith. But wait!" Wait, indeed: until 1900, when Jarvis joined the army of critics in condemning this same Nethersole for her portrayal of Sapho. Through her intense characterization, did she actually become Fanny Legrand -- the Sapho of the title? Their deprecation of her

personally could not have been more savage had this actually been the case. Genius apparently is a dangerous commodity to its owner.

Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897) had written Sapho in 1884, but it was not until 1900 that a stage version by Clyde Fitch opened in New York. Sapho was just another French love story, permeated with the philosophy of "c'est la vie"; virtue is not rewarded, nor is vice punished. It is not a treatise, but an exercise on the portrayal of emotions.

It is hard to understand the outcry which greeted this play in New York. To the Victorian American mind, it was not so much Daudet who was at fault, or the director, or the male lead, but the leading lady herself, who was the focus of a self-righteous and ridiculous campaign to have the play banned, culminating on her prosecution on the charges of creating a public nuisance. She was acquitted, and performance of the play was resumed, but the incident remains an ugly mark in the history of the American Theatre.

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Jarvis, though not so severe as some rabid reviewers, nevertheless criticized the play and Miss Nethersole in particular. He tempered his remarks with the repeated observation that the play was "no worse than Camille," an earlier role of Miss Nethersole; but it did not seem to

occur to him that Fanny Legrand was no worse than his own Estelle Crosby, the heroine of She Lived in New York. "Sapho," however, did not die at the end of the story, and this made a tremendous difference. (See Appendix to this chapter.)

"No one thinks (the stage) should interpret any branch of religious thought," Jarvis once wrote, "But society needs it to sustain or improve conditions which religion and fashions have succeeded in producing. The welfare of society does require that so-called ills of life be sometimes shown to have good results."³⁰ For the ordinary man, the theatre was first and foremost a "relaxation rest-cure." "The demand of a high-pressure business nation is relaxation. To the ceaselessly active brain that cannot sleep the only rest is, very often, another form of activity. Mental alertness does no harm. It is the fever called 'worry' which kills. And in the infinite variety of New York's theatres the danger of the one idea is averted...No medicine ever discovered is so valuable to New York³¹ as its reputable theatres."

As drama critic for Leslie's Weekly, Jarvis covered everything from variety shows to opera to the "new theatre". Because of Leslie's heterogeneous

readership, he occasionally had to descend from his own customary "high level of existence" to portray some of the more mundane aspects of life. In his descriptions of the variety stage (in "Relaxation Rest-Cure"), the spectators at the Larchmont Regatta (in "Yacht-Racing"), the seaside ("Within Sound of the Sea"), and the sidewalk tamale-vendors ("Tamale! Tamale! Hot Tamale!"), Jarvis gives superb prose-snapshots of scenes in and around New York City. Color and éclat are his strong points, and these short articles are unrivalled documentation of everyday life in the great city at the end of the century. The trivia of newspapers and weeklies sometimes give the reader more of an intuitive understanding of a past age than a whole stack of text-books.

Even yachting found its way into Jarvis's philosophy. In extending his views on art to the domain of sport and craftsmanship, he shows a feeling for the beauties of sailing which can well be understood by anyone who has ever worked with his hands. It is a pride in personal achievement, an appreciation of good tools; the carpenter's esteem for a well-balanced hammer, the musician's sense of gratitude for a fine instrument. His philosophy is summed up in this paragraph from an article lamenting a recent tendency in the sport toward the designing and

building of "racing-machines" rather than real yachts:

"...the best racing, which in America means the fastest, will be confined to those who can afford to build comparatively unsalable boats and to be ready to lose, with the attendant expenses, twenty or thirty thousand dollars....The great majority of the ablest yachtsmen are closed out from contests in which their manly skill ought, properly, to be present...the fastest craft will...still further depart from that wholesomeness which formerly allowed the qualities of a safe cruiser to be combined with those of a first-class racer."³²

Or again, in "The Opening of the Yachting Season":

"...as a sport yachting needs no meretricious aids, and...in its simple charms lies its eternal strength. Glorianas may come and Wasps may go, but the love of the sea goes on forever...Paid crews; crafts being driven from one race-course to another, owners following by rail, and no sociability anywhere -- this is not the sort of thing that yachting lives upon. It is exciting, of course, but yet seems to alter the French phrase, c'est la guerre, mais, ce n'est pas magnifique; because it is almost entirely professional, and the real glory of yachting issues from personal effort."³³

But even in this unwholesome over-specialization, Jarvis the evolutionist and optimist discerns a redeeming feature. "...much as we deplore the way the majority of the best yachtsmen are now, to coin a phrase, invented off the course, we cannot blind our eyes to the possibilities in improvement which the machine may eventually bring to the yacht!"³⁴

It may be seen from the foregoing review of his aesthetic philosophy, that Stinson Jarvis, with his evolutionary views; his recognition of sex, cautious though it may be; his willingness to forgive weakness; and his belief in the ideal while allowing for a sliding scale of values; belonged to the most progressive and enlightened segment of Victorian opinion.

Appendix to Chapter 3

Regarding the Sapho Scandal, it has been thought best to reprint Jarvis's own words.

Miss Nethersole is not the first woman who has been apparently willing to sacrifice some of her reputation to the demands of avarice. It is as bad to pretend to be wicked for gain as to be really wicked for profit. Miss Nethersole need not be ashamed of "Sapho", for it is no worse than "Camille" and a lot of other plays that reveal the degradation of an abandoned woman and the pathetic repentance that generally comes at last. But she is blameable, or somebody who represents her is at fault, for having permitted the publication of alarming announcements regarding the nastiness of "Sapho", with the evident purpose of attracting those who always seek to gratify their appetite for the depraved. It would not be fair to charge Miss Nethersole with having done this, but she can hardly escape criticism for having permitted it to be done, not in her behalf as an artist, but in behalf of the box-office receipts. The misfortune of it all is that she is bound to suffer in the end, both in reputation and in purse, for the rush of the vulgar to see something unusually wicked bids fair to cease as soon as it is disclosed that the play is not more immoral than a dozen others that have been run with more or less success in New York during the present season, while it is less entertaining than almost any other dramatic production of the winter. It is a great mistake that so excellent an actress as Miss Nethersole could not have won new triumphs this year in some really beautiful and charming character -- one, for instance, like "Barbara Frietchie", in which Julia Marlowe charmed her admirers anew. We have said that Miss Nethersole will not profit by the reckless and disgusting advertisements of "Sapho", for, while this sort of exploitation has attracted one kind of crowd, it has driven away the larger clientèle which respectability, in increasing numbers, is contributing to our best theatrical performances. I advise my readers not to bother about "Sapho". If any of them are in search of the sensational and the wicked they will find nothing worse in "Sapho" than they have seen in "Camille". It does not compare in wantonness with "Zaza"; it is not calculated to make one laugh, or to contribute in any way

to a sense of comfort or enjoyment; and it lacks, therefore, all the essentials of success. For the reader who enjoys the clean, refined, amusing, and recreative drama, there is only one word to say regarding "Sapho" -- don't waste time to see it. The only good that can come out of the performance is the possibility that it can teach Miss Nethersole to avoid such things in future, if she wishes to maintain the hold she has always had on the admirers of her conceded talent.

(from "The Drama -- 'Sapho' Not Worth Seeing", Leslie's Weekly, XC (March 3, 1900), p. 171.)

While I believe that nothing is gained to the public or the performers by such a play as "Sapho", still there is no denying the truth of what Manager Burnham said from the stage at Wallack's, when he spoke in defense of Miss Nethersole, and declared that she had been haled into court upon the contemptible complaint of a yellow newspaper (i.e., New York Times) whose editors claimed that their action was taken for morality's sake, but who were simply seeking advertisement of their publication at her expense. I have said, and I repeat, that "Sapho" is no worse than "Camille", and when the editor of the paper which is raising the outcry against "Sapho" asked me for my judgment regarding it I said that " 'Sapho' is not half as destructive to the morals of the community as a dozen Tenderloin resorts, whose electric lights bid defiance to decency within a stone's throw of Wallack's". If the newspapers of New York are really anxious to improve its morals, they should apply their time and talents to the closing of these conspicuously immoral places, whose open doors and flaming electric lights invite the youth of our city and the visiting stranger to plague-spots of moral corruption. Miss Nethersole, with all her brilliant talents, will suffer permanent loss of reputation by taking up the worst, rather than the best, things in the drama. After all, it is the public taste to which she appeals, and for the time being she is profiting by her venture. If the yellow journals had left her alone, "Sapho", on its merits, would have had a very short-lived run, for from every standpoint of just dramatic criticism it is not a successful play. From the standpoint of the box-office it may seem otherwise.

(from "Talk about the Drama", Leslie's Weekly, XC (March 10, 1900), p. 198.)

Chapter 4: SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY

It is fortuitous that the Arena article yields a list of Jarvis's favorite authors -- authors to whom a good many Arena readers themselves would have been partial: Charles Darwin, A.R. Wallace, E.H. Haeckel, and T.H. Huxley, all biologists; Herbert Spencer, philosopher; and Max Muller, orientalist and philologist. All of these influenced his own thinking.

One of the difficulties in writing about Jarvis's ideas is that his studies were not confined to any one particular field. He was interested in virtually everything. Perhaps it would be best at the start, however, to mention Herbert Spencer (1820 - 1903), because Jarvis thought in terms of a Spencer-like philosophy, one which is assimilative and agglutinative, like a gigantic waste-disposal unit that can comprehend any subject by milling it down to a fine, homogeneous dust. Spencer believed that the scientific discoveries of his day, especially those of Darwin, could be worked into a philosophy applicable to any branch of knowledge -- politics, psychology, sociology, anything. This philosophy is known as "creative evolution".

Most nineteenth-century philosophers were so accustomed to the venerable theology, that when Darwin re-assessed

and disproved a small part of that dogma, they were overcome by cerebral panic. Those who accepted the findings -- the philosophical Darwinists -- could only replace the old God with a new one, Nature of Evolution. This is a theological concept in that it takes on a persona of its own, and, like the old one, touches every part of existence; everything runs according to its plan. There is nothing in Darwin's theories to imply or warrant such an interpretation, and had his supporters not taken this attitude, his opponents would not have felt quite so intimidated, and the acceptance of his ideas might have been easier for a larger number of people.

What Jarvis did was to apply the Darwinian idea to the province of mind-science, which encompasses psychology, hypnotism, and psychic science. "Mr. Jarvis insists that the strictest science must extend its own methods into immaterial regions...He gives an aid to the science of evolution such as it has not enjoyed since Darwin died. In fact, while carrying it on, he satisfactorily explains the ascent of life on the great point where Darwin was entirely in the dark -- or, in other words, he takes up the thread where the great naturalist dropped it, and carries it further."¹

In Darwinian terms the processes of evolution represent a gradual "ascent of life". Evolution follows a course toward "higher levels of existence". But there is a regrettable ambiguity in such expressions, which has led to unwarranted interpretations so prevalent at the end of the nineteenth century that they are today only beginning to be dissipated. But it is not the theory of evolution itself that contains this flaw within it: simply, the moralistic bias of the age encouraged the making of value-judgments. To illustrate this point it might be profitable to analyze any one of the phrases used in evolutionary jargon, for example, "the ascent of life".

In what sense has the evolution from one-celled organisms to man been an ascent? This can be answered in a purely quantitative way. Man, for example, is a conglomeration of millions upon millions of entities each equivalent to a one-celled organism. In quantitative terms, then, man is more than a one-celled organism. He represents an increase, or ascent. Also, the tying-together of these myriad cells represents a complex level of organization -- a "higher" level of organization. And man is evolving to ever "higher" levels; there is no reason why evolution should cease with man.

A closer comparison can be made between man and the ape. Darwin never said that man is descended from the ape, but that both man and the ape are descended from the same hypothetical ancestor. Therefore in purely biological terms man is at the same level of evolution as the ape. But Jarvis and most other intellectuals could not accept this the way it was meant; thus arose the wide-spread misconception about man's descent. Why, they asked, is man then at a higher level of development than the ape?

What is the meaning of the term "higher level"? As has been indicated, this may be purely quantitative: man is "more complex". Or it may be qualitative: man is somehow "better". Or the term may simply be discarded.

The modern biologist would have to discard the term entirely. Man is not in fact more complex than the ape; nor is man's brain more complex than that of the ape. It is simply specialized to perform functions peculiar to the species -- so is the ape's brain. Just as a chimpanzee cannot read a book, a man cannot swing through the tree-tops. Nor can man be said to be "better" than the ape. If a chimpanzee is "lower" because it cannot communicate, on a semantic level, with a man, why is not man "lower" if he cannot communicate on the semantic

level of an ape? The possibilities are endless. A grasshopper could be said to represent the "highest" form of life, because its ways are incomprehensible, its language unknowable, and its mind beyond the scope of human understanding. Its culture and art are on a plane so much "higher" than our own that our science cannot discover it because it cannot even hypothesize what it would be looking for. These statements may be true, but how ridiculous they sound! Yet in some unaccountable way it no longer seems ridiculous when the positions of man and grasshopper are reversed.

Many things may be. In science, man is concerned with what is. Of course not all the possible interpretations of the word "better" have been discussed above. But always these concepts must be interpreted in human ways by human minds, so that "degree of divinity", "morality", "fitness" and so forth can only be applied to humans, (in which case their application is debatable enough).

Perhaps the ape, and even the grasshopper, are not the best examples. There is the original extreme example of the one-celled organism. Surely man is more complex, it would seem. But what is the complexity of the cell's relationship with its fellows? With other types of one-celled organisms? No one knows, of course, and therefore the use of the term "lower organism" is

a qualitative sense is unwarranted. And in a quantitative analysis, the fact that it is "on its own", so to speak, means that the one-celled organism is far more generalized than the corresponding cell which is part of man: a cell which cannot function on its own. Thus the concept of complexity as a basis of comparison loses its meaning: all living creatures are complex, or all are simple.

Indeed, the only criterion a modern evolutionist can resort to for the purposes of comparison is the degree to which a species is adapted to its environment. This is a purely observational consideration, and the inquiry must be operative over a long period of time. For it is the species rather than the individual organism, or even the individual population, which must be considered, and this has to take into account the question of reproduction of the species. On the level of the individual, man is fairly successful, living over a wider range than most creatures, with a comparatively low infant mortality rate, and a comparatively long lifespan. But the species as a whole, now capable of wiping itself out along with all its food sources, can in a sense be regarded as being closer to extinction than many other forms of life

which are capable of surviving such a holocaust. All in all, man's record in the annals of evolution is no more outstanding than that of countless other species.

Because of their failure to take an objective view the early evolutionists such as Spencer and his followers are far more dated and old-fashioned than most other schools of philosophy. Their ideas had been shaped by the attempt to comprehend new discoveries with old thought-patterns. Nothing but the astronomical increase of scientific data could create the new thought-patterns; we begin to know our subject. Its magnitude humbles us and we abandon value-judgment to non-objective studies. Anthropocentricity is indefensible today.

Thus the real value of Jarvis's scientific writings can be assessed. They are relevant to his other writings as they are relevant to the period, but as a workable philosophy for most modern readers, they have mainly curiosity value. Bearing this in mind, then, it must be admitted that The Ascent of Life is a most interesting antique. And it does contain many compelling ideas. But it is not a work of science in the modern understanding of the word.

Under the title "Prospectus of The Arena for 1894 -- Our Special Announcements -- A Chat about Some of the Good Things in Store for the Readers of Our Review"

there appeared, in December, 1893, a six-page article on Stinson Jarvis. In connection with his forthcoming Recent of Life, The Arena was presenting an advertisement in the form of a review of the book, with a sketch of the author and his family background. A glance at this unique document is valuable in trying to understand the atmosphere which surrounded the publication of Jarvis's book.

"In issuing this work to the world," writes The Arena, "We are aware that it is the most peculiar one within our knowledge. Even if some of the author's deductions may afterward be found to be partially incorrect, the work will stand as a monumental contribution to modern thought....It is altogether an appeal to the reason. With the exception of the facts given in reference to the experiments, the whole book is intended to be put interrogatively -- even when, as the author says, his own conviction leads him to speak with certainty; so that, even if some deductions be found to be in part erroneous, the author's judgment is protected by his avoidance of all dogmatizing and by his friendly request that the reader shall come with him, both as companion and critic, to join in this search for knowledge in a hitherto trackless region."

It is clear that the publishers would want to create an interest in the work; still, the laudatory tone is so intense, and in this case sounds so sincere, that the researcher is perplexed. Perhaps the truth is that the intellectual climate of the time was extraordinarily open-minded, more so than today. It can be seen in the works of countless authors, who, like a child with a new toy, were so stimulated by the new scientific revolution that they lifted all restraints from their powers of imagination. In this way, many valuable ideas were first conceived. Jarvis's work itself contains many admittedly fascinating points. Today science has to a large degree gone to the opposite extreme, in which disciplines are so rigidly defined and full of minutiae that a scientist may not gain any sort of overview at all.

The same intensity can be seen in the following passage from the "Prospectus": "There is a total absence of mystery about the work -- in fact it is clear in several places that the author even dreads the idea that a desire for mystery or peculiarity may be imputed to him. And it is partly in the convincing frankness with which he endeavors to remove all idea of the supernatural, and to explain every necessary item,

that he wins the reader. For the sake of publishing discoveries which will undoubtedly advance to an enormous extent the cause of truth and the knowledge of the world, he is obliged, with strangers, to partly place reputation at stake. On this point his boldness for truth's sake is much to be commended."³

And what were these revolutionary findings?

First of all, Jarvis formulated a theory of "how evolution evolves." At the time, the mechanics of genetics were unknown. It was Jarvis's belief that "certain conditions of the parental mind, either at the time of conception or during the period of gestation, influence and alter the shape and disposition of the offspring,"⁴ or in other words, "prenatal influences" are the agency of evolution. Despite the fact that a whole new science of genetics has grown up since Jarvis's day, his ideas on the subject are not to be shrugged off. For example, if the foetus can be altered through an alteration of the body-chemistry of the mother, as with thalidomide; and if the brain is capable of bringing about certain biochemical changes, as many modern scientists believe is the case with schizophrenia; then the possibility that some prenatal influences proceed from the mother's conscious or unconscious mind may be a real one. Still, any influence of this sort

would be only incidental to the major factor of genetics.

This is as true of animals as it is of humans, Jarvis claims. "Every seemingly perfect apparatus which animals possess for providing food, for attack, defence, or flight will be understood...At the time of mating and breeding, the sexual vanities are always at their highest; and it is at this time that the female possesses in an extraordinary degree that faculty for mental picturing...At this time she seeks to be continually in the society of the male and to continually look at him. It is a season of craze, and, as with all nature's creativeness, of delight -- with extravagant attempts at allurements on one side, and on the male side with all those curvetings, trumpetings, and general shows of bravery which mark the male sexual vanities.

"These periods supply the only times at which the female exhibits such an evident delight in regarding the male. Before these periods, and between them, she avoids his direct gaze...

"At this period...the craze is for more strength, or more beauty, or more activity, or more of any other quality peculiar to the species...No matter how hideous, according to some critics, the male may be, he is, by a kind dispensation of nature, for once considered

beautiful, and he is not only pictured over and over again by the imaging faculty of the female, but he is also reproduced in the offspring with any physical peculiarities which the female magnifies in her craze and fascination."⁵

The foregoing passage lends insight into Jarvis's views on women (q.v. Chapter 3). For it is woman's propensity for idealizing the love-object that is the vehicle for evolution! Her "mental picturing" is to a certain extent objective -- but depending upon what her ideals are, and how important a part they play in the imaging, the child will represent an "ascent" to a lesser or greater extent. Thus the vital importance of "value" in art -- since the father must possess qualities worth idealizing, and the mother must know how to idealize, art must ever point the way and provide the model. Haeckel had shown that retrogression in evolution was possible, and the idea that this could happen in man was behind Jarvis's aesthetic philosophies.

If a species delights in cunning, this quality will continue to evolve -- and it is the female which is the agent. Thus the fact that Geoffrey Hampstead's mother was a Tartar (literally) is the key point toward understanding his character -- the ideal was provided by

his father, a British nobleman. To what extent did he provide a high ideal? To what extent was his mother willing or able to appreciate it? These are appropriate questions. But note that it is the mother who is the active agent in all this -- a belief reminiscent of one aspect of Bernard Shaw's "Life Force" concept.

What part does hypnotism play in this theory? Simply, it is an important research tool. Powers which are latent in every individual can be brought to the surface and examined. And herein, Jarvis believed, lay the answer to the riddle of man's future development. "No system", writes Jarvis, "Which proposes to deal with life, whether it be religious or scientific, can be satisfactory or correct unless it be equally applicable to the whole of life, from the lowest animal grades to the highest spiritual ones."⁶ The development of psychic or spiritual powers is the natural complement of the development of physical and intellectual powers. Hypnotism also provides the key to history, revealing that forces which motivated the great men of record are identical with those which in the ordinary man can be evoked only under hypnosis.

At a time when hypnosis was generally regarded with fear and superstition, Stinson Jarvis practiced it himself. And he was no believer in animal magnetism, universal fluids, metallo-therapy, or other grotesqueries of Anton Mesmer (1733 - 1815). For their time, his ideas on the practical aspects of hypnotism were comparatively scientific.

A large section of the book is more or less empirical in nature, setting forth the results of experiments which have demonstrated these powers -- experiments performed by himself and by others. These provide most interesting reading, but need not be gone into here. The point is that Jarvis has taken these manifestations of psychic ability as an indication of mankind's potentialities for development, and has been concerned in his other philosophical writings with how these potentialities may be realized.

A brief review of the ideas of his favorite authors will indicate how much he owed to them. Spencer and Darwin, of course, provided the theoretical justification and inspiration for his theories. Alfred Russell Wallace (1823 - 1913) was a naturalist who formulated the theory of "survival of the fittest" coincidentally with Darwin, half way around the world in Malaya. Unlike Darwin,

however, Wallace believed that man was different from other animals; forces other than natural selection have been at work in his case -- spiritual forces. In Miracles and Modern Spiritualism, (1875, new edition 1896), he gives the experimental evidence for his beliefs, disclaiming for them any connection with religious revelation.

Jarvis's thoughts are very similar, as is made clear in the following passage, for example: "I do not of course mean to say that a lower-grade animal like, for instance, a tigress, must necessarily create in her mind any definite picture or concept of superior development...Nor do I suggest that she gives, as in the human cases, one thought to the future condition of her offspring -- because if she could do this, as the human has done it, she would ere this have been as highly developed as the human, and would be as little like the present form of a tigress as the human is like that intelligent poor relation the quadruped baboon. Thus, parenthetically, we will observe that all unimaginative animals, or rather those whose imaginations only contrive devices for procuring food, etc., will probably not rise beyond their present form, which perhaps is now perfect for all their purposes and

methods of living. They have no 'ideals' beyond their present methods."⁷ In other words, the "ideal", or spiritual force, is operative only in the evolution of man, and perhaps some of his near-relatives.

Ernest Heinrich Haeckel (1834 - 1919), a German biologist - philosopher, believed that just as the highest animals have evolved from the simplest forms of life, so have the highest human faculties evolved from the souls of animals.

This is another point which Jarvis assimilated into his philosophy: that the soul exists and is in a state of evolution. In a short but interesting article, "Animal Revelations", he gives a few accounts of unusual cases in which animals incapable of reason have made unaccountably wise decisions. "It has been explained," he writes, "That wherever there is a brain capable of experiencing an urgent necessity there is also a correspondence of an immaterial kind through which knowledge may be acquired."⁸ This animal soul may be the origin of the soul of man, he conjectures.

The influence of Thomas Henry Huxley (1825 - 1895) is seen in Jarvis's underlying tenet that morality was not an end in itself, but only a means toward the advancement of mankind -- a utilitarian concept. Jarvis makes

this expecially clear in his explanation of the Druids' role in the development of morality in The Price of Peace (q.v. Chapter 5 of the present study). Huxley was of all these writers perhaps the most fully aware of the relevance and importance of what he was doing. With his belief in utilitarianism went a belief in causation -- the idea that every phenomenon has a definite cause. "If there is anything in the world which I do firmly believe in, it is the universal validity of the law of causation, but that universality cannot be proved by any amount of experience". (Essays, IX, p. 121). The statement is an admirable example of philosophical integrity. Realizing that despite their value, metaphysical concepts are not open to any logical proof, Huxley has the discretion to leave it at that.

Jarvis obviously accepted utilitarianism and causation; they are at the roots of all his writings. A very striking example of this is his explanation of love. Jarvis writes, "The effects of the phase which in lower grades is called 'passion' and in its more evolved conditions is called 'love' ... has been acknowledged to be the most coercive one that is known to its possessor -- when its possessor is normal. The reason ... cannot be said to be entirely

hidden from us...various persons have marshalled proof to show that a genius is always the offspring of a love-marriage -- not necessarily born in the atmosphere of wealth, education, and refinement, or in the sometimes artificial wedlock, but always and only in the holiness of nature...At the present time a variety of genius is born daily into the world, but this human wealth was almost unknown until woman ceased to be a toy and high grades of love began to influence creation. The natural evolution of passion into love, which is the greatest outcome of animal existence, is illustrated in every portion of its advance in its effects upon generation. The great book lies open for all to read. And love's place in nature cannot long remain a secret when nature's best proofs -- its results -- are studied."⁹

Huxley also pointed out that atheism was philosophically untenable, but that agnosticism, the subordination of faith to evidence and reason, was the only really logical way of dealing with religion. He wrote of "the passionless impersonality of the unknown and unknowable which science shows everywhere underlying the thin veil of phenomena" (Life, I, p. 239). Causality was the agnostic's substitute for deity.

It would appear that this was Jarvis's personal outlook as well; and he quotes Huxley to show that he is justified by science itself in advancing scientific methods towards the discovery of the "soul attributes" and the proper study of religion. In Chapter 5 of the present study it will be seen that Jarvis viewed organized religion with scorn and distrust. But he did have religious convictions.

What these were is suggested by his interest in the writings of Müller. Friedrich Max Müller (1823 - 1900) was an Anglo-German orientalist and philologist. He was a great authority on the religions and mythology of the East, and under his direction a staff of competent scholars prepared the fifty-one-volume translation of The Sacred Books of the East. He himself translated the Rigveda from the Sanskrit, and was well-versed in the philosophies of India and Japan. Many of Jarvis's ideas come directly from Indian philosophy, for instance his conception of music, which he calls "the language of the soul's phases, any one of which is producible by the music that is the language of such phase."¹⁰ These "languages" are equivalent to the well-known ragas of Indian music.

The Ascent of Life was endorsed by the American Theosophical Society, and this suggests another link with India. Not only were the world headquarters of the Society located in Madras (as they still are), but theosophy itself is basically an Indian concept; in fact it is really a sophisticated form of Hinduism.

The Arena, having a somewhat Christian bias, claims of The Ascent of Life that "After its perusal there can be no more necessity for agnosticism...it shows that this must mean continued suffering."¹¹ But this is a subjective judgment: the book may "show" this to some, but does not actually state it. Theosophy and its analogues provide a meeting ground for agnosticism and theism. Through the senses, beauty is revealed: this beauty may be called God, or it may not be given a name. It does not matter: it is there.

Another indication of Jarvis's interest in Eastern religion is his professed admiration for Sir Edwin Arnold's The Light of Asia, an epic poem on the life of Gautama, Prince of India, the Buddha. This interest in the religions of the East is worth noting, for it is indicative of Jarvis's wide scope of interests at a time when such subjects were but little known in the West. Indeed it is this unmistakable joy of acquiring and utilizing the

most varied knowledge that makes The Ascent of Life a beautiful book. For it is that: sometimes pompous, sometimes ponderous, but always sincere, and overwhelmingly earnest.

1894 might be called Jarvis's annus mirabilis. He was at the zenith of his career as a writer, and probably receiving more recognition than at any time before or afterward. He was writing not only for The Arena, but for Leslie's, The Youth's Companion, and the New York Tribune. In the same year as The Ascent of Life, She Lived in New York, its fictional counterpart and probably the best of all his books, was published. He himself appears to have reckoned The Ascent of Life his magnum opus, and its reception must have pleased him and given him a sense of fulfillment; and over the next four years The Arena was to print five more of his essays. He spent the last third of the year in Europe, where his reputation was such to allow him to meet at least some of the intellectual lights of London and Paris. ¹²

The Arena published two photographs of the thirty-nine year old Stinson Jarvis, one in the "Prospectus" and one as the frontispiece of The Ascent of Life; both were evidently taken at the same sitting. They show an extremely handsome, stalwart man, confident, and with a

hint of humor in his expression. An intelligent forehead is emphasized by a far-receding hairline which is not at all unseemly; what hair he has is dark and somewhat wavy. The most extraordinary feature of his appearance are his eyes. The very long, curving upper eyelids remind one of classical Indian paintings, and add great penetration and depth to his expression.

While The Ascent of Life may not in fact be the most important of his writings, there is no denying that it is the key to all of them.

Apart from a few articles in a specialized field, yachting history, Jarvis did no historical writing as such. The Price of Peace, a book he wrote in 1921, purports to be a history but is nothing of the kind, as shall be pointed out. But the fact that he prepared and wrote such a book indicates, among other things, a great interest in the study of history, along with a corresponding lack of understanding of its research techniques.

Among historians he professed the most admiration for the popular Dr. John Clark Ridpath (1840 - 1900) and later, Hubert Howe Bancroft (1832 - 1904), whom he called "the most valuable historian of modern times."¹ It is never made clear, however, precisely why he admired Ridpath, unless a passage like the following can be said to reveal anything: "Readers will not have failed to note the grand width and depth (an article by Ridpath) gave to ordinary views", Jarvis wrote in an Arena essay. "The facts concerning the human being, from the earliest records to those of the present day, were marshalled in so masterly a way, and the mental grip on the whole mass was so far-reaching and unique, that people must have perceived that they were gaining the benefits of a lifetime

study."² It should be noted that Dr. Ridpath was the editor of The Arena at the time.

As for Bancroft, there is no indication as to why Jarvis considered him the greatest historian of modern times. It may have been simply because so much of Jarvis's data in The Price of Peace was derived from Bancroft's History of Mexico (in six volumes, 1883 - 1888).

Stinson Jarvis did however publish one essay on historical philosophy, entitled "The Creative Man", which, like all his other Arena contributions, abounds with thought-provoking statements. Again, this view of history derives from his "ascent of life" theory.

He points out that there is a greater similarity between the philosophies of the historians Carlyle and Buckle than is generally thought. Carlyle believed that behind each great event of history was a hero, and that behind the hero was God. He was never satisfied until the individual origins of history could be discovered. To Buckle, man was the mere "result of historical forces"; he was a causalist to whom history was "only the lines of an infinite and unalterable causation encompassing the world and bringing to pass whatever is done by the agency of men en masse".

The question comes up: what is this "infinite and unalterable causation"? Here again agnosticism and theism come to terms, for this causation may be considered to be an observable force (national desires and necessities; or the workings of heredity which produce a leader): Or it may be considered to be the will of God, an unobservable force. Both are valid interpretations, for both admit that individual men produce nothing and are responsible for nothing.

If the will of God is the basis for Buckle's theory, then it is really not very different from Carlyle's. Jarvis challenges them both by asking, "In what historical crises has the will of God been manifested? Can you confidently point to one? If so, your conversational friend will probably call your attention to some terrible disasters which arose from it. Perhaps you may thus point to some monarchy. But your iconoclastic friend will probably refer you to a loathsome system of parasitic adulation, in which place and position went by favoritism and whimsical preference, and where advancement through personal merit was almost unknown. These ills, you think, could not be present in a republic; but when you point out these, your attention is directed to an internal rottenness in which justice

and liberty are bought and sold by men who must make their fortunes during a short term of irresponsible office. You are then apt to smile at the idea that any of these represented the intentions of God."³

Jarvis asks, "Is it necessary...that God's purposes be brought to a culmination through trickery, perjury, manslaughter, and every kind of falsity? Personally, I feel totally unable to think this."⁴ He notes that christianity itself has loosed more of this upon the world than any other single movement in history.

Here can be seen the sentiments which Jarvis eventually worked into his Price of Peace. In this early article they are stated more effectively, devoid of the extraneous matter of the Druids and their conspiracy. His rather unromantic appraisal of republics was to figure in his later essay, "America a Power", which will be discussed further on in this study.

His point is that history cannot be said to represent the will of God. It is the will of man, carried in man's soul. The soul as well as the body is subject to heredity and ascent, and those men in whom the "soul-faculties" have been developed to the highest extent have been the ones who have shaped history: Jarvis is

back to his "ascent of life" theory. Napoleon, for example, was such a leader. "His Corsican mother bore him while she attended her husband in his battles. The offspring was marked for war in his mother's womb."⁵ But no lasting benefit arose from his meteoric career, and therefore Jarvis can see no trace of the will of God in any of this.

Whether Jarvis was an agnostic or not, it is clear that he did believe in the necessity of observation as a basis for philosophy. Like George Eliot, who translated Strauss's Life of Jesus, he accepted the newly-revived "Arian heresy" -- that even Christ was not divine, did not entirely represent the will of God. He called him "the greatest man that ever lived...And whatever he was, or was not, he knew more than any other man."⁶

How this view of history could be extended toward an understanding of contemporary politics, and how strictly Jarvis relied upon it for projections into the future, will be taken up next.

Jarvis's essay, "America a Power" (April, 1898), was intended to be a commentary on an earlier article by Dr. Ridpath (December, 1897). In this essay, "Shall the United States be Europeanized?", the great historian

wrote that America had come to a crossroads..."The United States must gravitate rapidly towards Europe, or else diverge from Europe as far and as fast as possible." What had prompted this comment was the unmistakable policy which the United States had recently set in motion in order to become a world power. The United States showing at the Portsmouth naval reviews had been in effect a public announcement of intent. "With its interests in Samoa, its possibilities in Hawaii, its sympathy for Cuba, its protectorate over the whole of South America", asked Jarvis, "What principle now remains of the old combination whose maxim was to be sufficient unto itself, and whose ambition was to be able to explore the unknown recesses of its own territory?"⁷

Dr. Ridpath had suggested four major influences tending to alter the national outlook: commerce, or trade relations both domestic and foreign; accumulated wealth, or the position of American securities on the world market; social influence, or ties with the wealth and nobility of Europe through international marriages; and government, which "always encroaches and enlarges, does not look affectionately at man, but always affectionately toward form and the splendor of things."

Because of his insistence on applying the evolutionary theory to every study, including politics -- a fault borrowed from one of his favorite authors, Herbert Spencer -- Jarvis's political thinking, centering on America and its role in the world's future, is hopelessly naive. In "America a Power" he does make some perceptive observations. The inclination of his remarks places him well to the left of centre in terms of the political thought of the time. But his conclusion has little to do with his original observations; it simply corresponds to that optimistic theory which seems to provide an answer to so many of his arguments. Unfortunately this tendency would only increase as the years went by, so that in his book The Price of Peace (1921), which will be discussed later, his conclusions bear practically no resemblance to his observations.

Jarvis discusses Dr. Ridpath's four influences one by one. About commerce there is nothing to say, because the cessation of commerce is impossible. As for accumulated wealth, the bourse of the world has no nationality -- money is money. So this need not be considered either.

Social influence, on the other hand, he deems quite important, in that it could well bring the United States

into the European sphere. "There is only one world of fashion. It recognizes only those within its territory. Its dictum is that nobody can be somebody who remains with the anybodies. Will a love for the tenets of a religious sect, or the grandeur of the Jeffersonian simplicity, prevent the moneyed man from seeking a comparatively cheap prominence?...Has anyone remained entirely true to the earlier principles when his bank account reached seven figures?...a title has extraordinary value from certain points of view...It may give the most brainless ass a position that nothing else under heaven could provide him."⁸

Dr. Ridpath showed ways in which the U.S. Government, the fourth influence, was copying monarchical systems and wordings. The extinction of Jeffersonian democracy is just another proof of the tendencies of governments to be carried away by a love for splendor. "Many are crazy to make a bit of history and have their names writ large on it. The hurried advancement of the navy tells. The hammers in the navy yards mark the pulse of the unhatched Somebodies. Dr. Ridpath says the people are the safeguard -- that four-fifths of the nation are opposed

to any momentous alteration; and that seems to be true of every individual of the four-fifths -- until he gets rich or can handle a spoke in the wheel of state. The people? What people? Is it suggested that this country is in any way influenced or governed by the people?"⁹

No; the working man "is told it is national and patriotic to agree to (tariffs) and remain poor in order to give 'protection' to the wealthy manufacturersWhen the electioneering mechanisms of the money power are in good running order the use of the ballot-box is about as valuable as a wet squib. Practically, the money power and the government are Siamese twins, and it is difficult to see how individual opinion in the four-fifths majority can be counted on as a power in the present condition of affairs."¹⁰

What had happened to the United States is that the powers that rule, filled with the desire to be Somebody, had brought about "the same old thing -- the rulers and the ruled. And republics have never been anything else, except in their early and 'village' conditions."¹¹ The differences in the constitutions and practices in the countries of the world are reduced to nothing more

than a choice of terms. But this cannot be criticized, says Jarvis the evolutionist, for it is the only form of national growth possible. The United States has abandoned its Puritan heritage, and "notice of the South American protectorate has been served on the world... Not a soldier is added to the pay-roll. It simply goes by 'bluff' and the building of ships. It is cheap, and the profits are beyond calculation. It is distinctly monarchical. It knocks the Puritan's tenth commandment sky-high in not only coveting but securing all it can grab. And, hypocrisy apart, who cares whether it is monarchical, or un-Puritan, or anything else? It is good."¹²

Of course this is all to the ultimate good, for the money power will require statesmen to protect U.S. interests abroad. They will realize that "the only national prosperity is the welfare of the four-fifths, not that of the few." The enrichment of the manufacturers at the expense of the workers has had its uses -- but it will come to an end. This internal affair could be remedied easily. And here his argument takes a curious turn: "Is it not a cause for thanksgiving that the selfishness of the controlling power means security for the nation?"

...There will be names to protect, ambitions to be forwarded, alliances to be formed, -- alliances capable of holding the world at bay; and thus the deliverer of the slave will give liberty to all. The nations are now bent forward, listening. And from the upper air comes the sound of the rush of eagle wings."¹³

"America a Power" is little more than well-intentioned chauvinism -- apparently when writing on America, Jarvis for convenience's sake considered himself an American; his family tree allowed him this liberty.

Other remarks on things American show little more than this same well-intentioned chauvinism, the view of America as the world's hope. Evidently this view was held by nearly all Americans in those days, no matter what their political persuasion.

Although Jarvis's "sense of absurdity" apparently stopped functioning whenever the topic of America came up, he writes in "Female Humorists and American Humor" that "...the great moral use of the sense of absurdity... has done more to kill out error than all the arguments of centuries, and has made Americans a free people more than any Declaration of Independence that ever was signed. Humor...compassion, and a sense of decency help to form the composite religion in which an

American seeks to be valuable rather than holy."¹⁴

Another political view: "In England, anarchism, like other unrequired peculiarities, is caused to die from an overwhelming sense of its own absurdity."¹⁵

Chauvinism and sentimentality are likewise evinced in his description of the young American actress, Kathryn Kidder. "For those who have acquired a complete distrust of the Parisian feminine physiognomies it is a pleasure to regard one that has some anchorage in it -- some principles fixed hard and fast; some internal refinement that shines through any pretended or real veneer and makes itself felt as of supreme value in human life. This is one idea of the American girl, who holds within her the future moralities of complete freedom, and who is now our best promise for the yet unborn generations of the future."¹⁶

There is no substance to these views. One must admit that Jarvis was not a great political thinker. To be completely convinced, the reader is directed to his Price of Peace, which was to be his last book.

"War and any killing of human beings counted as nothing in extending and maintaining the power of

the Druid Church, and attempts to understand human history are bound to fail if they do not include knowledge of this fact." (Stinson Jarvis, The Price of Peace, p. 76)

The thesis in this book is that the price of peace is mankind's abjuration, once and for all, of the rule of kings and priests. Together these parties have been at the root of all the wars in history, but since kings are in effect their agents, it is the organized religions of the world which are ultimately responsible.

The reader prepares himself for a controversial text in support of this certainly valid argument. Instead, he is baffled by the author's presumptuous tone and almost totally fallacious reasoning. Indeed, a study of The Price of Peace belongs more to the realm of clinical psychology than of literature.

Jarvis sees modern priests of all religions as the spiritual descendants of the ancient Druids, whose home was in the British Isles. The first Druid colleges were set up about 11,000 B.C., and almost from the beginning the Druid priests set out to colonize the rest of the world, the people of which were at that time little more than apes. "...the Church began its mental conquest of savages with singing and music. These priestly scientists treated Life and Thought as part of

a vibration pervading nature. Through the exhibitions of traveling performers and by our own experiments we now know that mind can be influenced by other mind and by the vibrations of music."¹⁷ Next, the Druids invented languages, and sent emissaries to teach them to the various peoples of the world. In order to maintain secrecy, ever vital to their plan of world-domination, the Druids made these languages quite different from their own, which were, according to Jarvis, Gaelic, Old Celtic, Welsh, and Anglo-Saxon (always referred to as Anglian). But, as a form of intellectual amusement, and to provide hints for educated men of the distant future, they left countless clues in the words of the new languages by which they can be linked to the old. An expedition was even sent across the sea to America, intermarrying with the native women and bringing language, arts, and sciences to the Aztecs, Incas, etc.

Kings have always been understood to be agents of the deity, and thus, like the "colonial" priests of the Hebrews, ancient Egyptians, Hindus, and others, actually agents of the Druids, who therefore never had need for an army of their own. Even heaven and hell had their origin in reality, Jarvis claims, representing Britain and Ireland, respectively. With the rewards of heaven and the torments of hell before them, the

people of the world slaughtered and were slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands in the name of the deity, ultimately benefitting only the Druids and their agents, kings and priests, by extending and consolidating their power.

Eventually it became clear to the Druids that their true home was in unavoidable danger of discovery, as their colonies grew ever more sophisticated and adventurous. They also realized that they had over-extended themselves, and were no longer able to exact tribute from their colonies. To solve these problems they engineered a project that would remove the last tangible traces of their connection with the religions and cultures of the world. "...the new system would have nothing to do with tribal and national tribute, and the dues for deity would be personally collected from each individual; -- thus amassing a wealth such as had never been known."¹⁸ The Druids embarked upon their final great project -- the invention of Christ and Christianity.

"As the Welsh makers of religions had always used war when they deemed it useful, they sketched the coming N.T. god as having two opposed characters, so that the same deity could be used for both peace and war. In one of these characters he is a Mars who denies that he comes to bring peace, and asserts that he comes

other character he is the ideal of humility, and, like the sheep, does not attempt to retaliate when abused. Both these teachings were necessary. The Church required that man should be submissive and humbly obedient, but also that they could be forced into battle whenever war was desired. Owing to the supreme cunning of this arrangement, christians (sic) have been alternately controlled for peace and driven into war, according to the needs of the moment. Even the recent Boer War seemed sanctified when the Arch Bishop of Canterbury issued a mellifluous prayer to the God of Battles asking for success in this buccaneer project."¹⁹

There is an important school of political and historical thought today which would find much truth in the foregoing passage. And certainly if this was true of the Boer War, it was the still more recent World War I in which Jarvis saw the strongest evidence for his theories. The war was almost certainly what prompted him to rewrite "The Jarvis Letters" (1913-14). He was now more convinced than ever that his knowledge had to be presented to the world. Thus, the book has a presumptuous, evangelistic tone, despite the fact that it was printed in a small quantity by a little-known publisher, and could not have enjoyed much more

than a local currency. "I simply call attention to these facts," writes the author at one point, "Because no argument is necessary, or even possible."²⁰

Where did Jarvis get all his information about the ancient Druids and their thirteen-thousand-year domination of mankind? Jarvis explains, "The deceptions used in the stories that have controlled mankind will be found entertaining....readers will see that these and many other deceptions were solely for use, and were intended to be understood by the educated men of the distant future. So the writers of the bible said, 'There is nothing hidden which shall not be known', and when this book (i.e., his own) publishes many historical facts which have been carefully concealed, it carries out the intention of the Druid fathers themselves, as shown by their writings."²²(p. vi.)

In other words, Jarvis had 'found' this proof concealed in such ancient writings as the bible, the Iliad, the Odyssey, inscriptions in temples, etc. Jarvis does not think it strange that he is the first to have realized this. "Nothing has been taught in christian schools concerning the great Druid colleges, and every reader will now see that there must have been a reason for such concealment. To explain the ancient Welsh

priests and their vast learning would also explain that these were the only men who could have written the bible and other scriptures. So we were taught that the Druids were half-savage fanatics who were quite unimportant in human history."²²

Richard H. Rovere has recently written that "there is in every people on earth a weakness for conspiracy theories of history."²³ And it is a truism that in analyzing a passage of literature, if one is looking for something, he will eventually find it, although he may have to disregard the principles of logic in the process. These two statements explain Jarvis's method, akin to that of the numerous writers, mainly in the 19th century, who have virtually manufactured the problem of the Shakespeare apocrypha, or contrariwise, cast doubt on Shakespeare's authorship of the plays. The situation is the same - a shadowy figure about whom little is known (Shakespeare, Druids), and a few unwarranted premises, will start a chain of reasoning that can end almost anywhere. Much of The Price of Peace consists of a tedious analysis of words as words, divorced from their meanings, as though they were nothing more than arbitrary groupings of letters.

The substance of the book consists of an Author's Preface and about twenty pages at the end. The remainder of The Price of Peace is such an outstanding example of bad scholarship and faulty reasoning that it is really not worth criticizing point for point. Hundreds of examples drawn from language and symbolism are offered in an attempt to show the connections among the culture of ancient Britain and those of the Aztecs, the Hindus, the Javanese, the Greeks, the Romans, the Assyrians, to name a few. However, Jarvis's understanding of philology is very limited and he has no right to draw such connections on the basis of the 'evidence' he advances. Despite his interest in the writings of Max Muller, many of which deal with philology, it is apparent that in this case Jarvis's reach exceeded his grasp. One sign of his great self-confidence in linguistic matters is his habit, in this book, of deliberately mis-spelling certain words, especially names, to indicate their supposed etymologies. In some cases, he may be technically correct, as in his spelling of "consacrate," but he still is not justified in arbitrarily using his own spellings.

He does consult other authors. From these he takes only his observations; the conclusions are his own, and

so radically at variance with any other authority, that it is truly amazing that he never questions himself. Indeed, on several occasions he asserts that facts are facts, and there is no argument possible. It seems hardly necessary to classify the many species of fallacy which are used to 'prove' Jarvis's theory. For he would use any type of fallacy in order to prove a theory which, in the final analysis, originated nowhere but in his own mind. Even the sources he does mention are very poorly cited, i.e., "(see Forbes)", or even, "'Brande'" -- and there is no bibliography! Other sources consulted are Bancroft, Budge, Smiddy, and Anthon. Smiddy's book is the only one properly identified.²⁴ A researcher could probably identify the others with comparatively little difficulty, but this hardly seems worthwhile, because Jarvis merely drew isolated observations from the works of the various historians, but his conclusions are unconnected with these observations, except in his own mind.

Typical of the bulk of the text is this extraordinary interpretation of the Song of Solomon: "The name of SOL.O.MON" uses Anglian words and names him as the 'Sun Circle Man,' and his other name as 'SUL.I.MAN' uses the Celtic SUL and names him as the 'Sun Island Man.' Both these name the British priest-

hood, and therefore Solomon is called the wisest of men. The so-called 'Song of Solomon' is a dialogue between this Sun KIN.G who represents England and the Queen Venus (Ireland). These two alternately praise each other, and incidentally fill the text with Church pictures; -- the whole of it being of trick and record. Here, Venus says, 'Behold, I am Black,' because Ireland was the Black Death land, endlessly pictured as the Black Field, and Celtic rulers were painted as sitting in the Black Field, holding in their hands the LILI which always named Venus and Ireland. Here also the Church explains that it is of both England and Ireland, saying, 'I am the ROSe of SHA.RON and the LILI.' The R.O.S., the "Red Sun Sign", has always named England, the Sun country, and therefore it was made of dyed red cotton and worn on the robes of the Assyrian sun kings."²⁵ And it goes on in a similar vein, as does the whole book. This tends to have a depressing effect on the average reader, if he can get through it at all.

A generous interpretation of The Price of Peace will allow that its main point is the connection between states and religions, and religions and wars; Jarvis's fantastic story of the Druid Church must be

taken metaphorically. After all, while Jarvis may have been somewhat oblivious of reality, reality was not oblivious of him. If Jarvis communicates little to the reader, the fact that the book exists, an undeniable truth, communicates more. But since most of the book is in itself meaningless, it cannot be analyzed on its own terms. This is what was meant earlier by the statement that an analysis of most of this book would fall within the realm of clinical psychology. When a philosophy has been proven untenable it is no longer a philosophy. But although it may in itself be valueless as a means of interpreting experience, it is not totally without some kind of worth. When a charlatan is exposed, his words are discounted. Yet he must not be forgotten: an analysis of why he said what he did, when, where, and to whom - and why he was believed - will provide concrete knowledge toward an understanding of the environment in which he functioned, and the mind with which he functioned. In literary terms the bulk of Jarvis's book could only be called an 'unconscious metaphor', if literature will allow such a term at all.

From a literary point of view, then, the book is an expression of the anger and frustration which wars have brought on. The earlier "Jarvis Letters" put the

emphasis on the Druids themselves, and said little about war; but the experience of World War I influenced the revision greatly. The book also shows a disdain of organized religion, as being a hoax and an instrument of power. These are twentieth-century ideas, devastating to a man whose beliefs are anchored in the tradition of mid-Victorian British Canada. It is almost as though these conclusions were too disorienting for Jarvis to deal with them on a meaningful level.

As lacking in logic as The Price of Peace may be, it was not written without a great deal of research and thought. That the research was inconclusive and the reasoning faulty does not change the fact that the book was the result of long study. Ezra Pound has written that "the poet is the antenna of the race." It was Jarvis's receptivity to the zeitgeist that made him write such a book, but, baffled by the changing times, he took refuge in the fantasies of his own mind without even being aware of it. Yet it was this same zeitgeist which was to produce Jaromir Hasek's Good Soldier Schweik, Ernest Hemingway's Farewell to Arms, and Joseph Heller's Catch 22. It is still growing in intensity today.

However, Heller is not an idealist. His conspiratorial theory of history arrives at the conclusion, "They are out to get me." The only solution -- a realistic one -- is to be a coward, i.e., to save yourself, because

in truth, no one else is interested. Earlier in this century, Hemingway discovered this same "Them". His solution was different; to confront the force, and to win or lose on your own strength. It was not worthwhile living, otherwise, being hunted, and running to no purpose, unable to live as a man must live.

Jarvis's solution to the problem of "Them" is more idealistic, as is only to be expected from a Victorian. He believed, as Woodrow Wilson believed, or claimed to, that "They" were on their last legs, that the War to End All Wars had just been fought, and that organized religion and monarchy would soon crumble. America was the ideal, and democracy the spirit of the future. This in itself was the solution to the problem. It never occurred to him that "They" might be replaced by another "Them". To Jarvis, the Boer War was evil, the Spanish-American War good. But was there any substantial difference between them? In both wars many suffered, and a select few benefitted enormously. The author's political naivete, which is touching in its sincerity, is exemplified in the passage in which he writes of America's role for the future.

"How silly to try to make peace agreements with systems built for war! At the Peace Conference the United States proposed an agreement to make all future conquests impossible, and the representatives of kings politely killed the proposal,

but they unintentionally made it clear to the world that there can be no permanent peace as long as any kind of kingship exists. As loyalist Europe has been masterful in ruling through the power of false beliefs, so the United States must be masterful in the smashing of those beliefs. The first champion of human freedom must liberate all -- not with armies, but simply by exposing the deceptions which have been sanctified. Legislation prohibiting all assertion as to agency for deity within the United States would sufficiently announce that the long ages of charlatanism have ended. No one would consent to sit upon a throne after the United States had acted on the proofs that every throne was built on fraud. The pawn in each loyalist army would know that all their fathers had been fooled for ages, and that they need not give their own lives for the support of consacrated humbug. Then there could be nothing left but the formation of republics, in which no desire for war is created, because they contain no class or king to be profited by it."²⁶

Surely, The Price of Peace ranks among the most peculiar books ever published. It is a bit surprising that it was accepted by a publisher at all, but then, it has been said that nothing is surprising in California. As strange as it is, there is very little in it that was not forecast in Jarvis's earlier writings. It is the reductio ad absurdum of the type of book represented by the earlier Ascent of Life, a work which is far more subdued and detached. Logical errors are not perhaps the fabric of which The Ascent of Life is made, but they are much in evidence even there. As the public for a pseudo-scientific book is limited, but lavish in its praise of the rare book which can really set their meta-

physical thoughts in motion, so the public for an outlandish book is still more limited, but the praise emanating from people who will believe anything so long as it purports to be true, is loud and lasting. Reportedly there are many such people in Southern California.

Jarvis's disdain for the tarradiddle and hocus-pocus of the various religious groups, particularly with regard to the supposed shrines and sacred places in the Holy Land, is clearly voiced in his first book, Letters From East Longitudes (1875). Geoffrey Hampstead (1890) presents the story of a man graced with superior mind and physical prowess secretly making fools of everyone he knows, to suit his own purposes. Compare this passage from The Price of Peace dealing with the Odyssey:

"...the whole book...is a continuous stream of praise of 'wise, godlike Odysseus', and of his ability to play upon the heartstrings at will, and not only cause tears in others, but produce them himself over pure fiction. In other words, The "OD.USSE.IA" was written by men who regarded their ability to deceive eloquently and pleasingly as the most valuable asset of human life."²⁷

Also in Geoffrey Hampstead Mrs. Lindon, a wealthy but not too intelligent society woman, is "bled" continuously by other society women soliciting for rather dubious charities

under the aegis of a "prestige" church. Likewise, in Mr. Perdue (1892), the wife of the good doctor is under the influence of a crafty High Church clergyman who is out for every penny she has. He has no qualms because it is "all for the good of the Church."

To the Victorian, hypnotism was the surrender of one mind to the superior 'will' of another. Jarvis was preoccupied with the idea that under hypnotism, a state of heightened receptivity, the mind could be advanced, and man could reach a higher plane of evolution. It was assumed that the capability of exhibiting these 'higher powers' was within every man, but that it had to be 'brought out' by one of stronger will. The modern view is that the hypnotist is more or less a complex mechanism in bringing the subject to a heightened state of relaxation in which all his energy is concentrated on the workings of his own mind. In the Victorian view, it is the power of the hypnotist which is of the essence. In the modern view, it is the subject, who must have the ability to relax, who is the crucial factor. It is known today that no special 'gift' is needed to become a hypnotist, merely training and the knowledge of certain techniques. The gift, if any gift there be, is in the subject, who must be susceptible to hypnosis. If he is not, there is no known 'technique' by means of which he can learn this.

Jarvis performed many experiments with hypnosis, and his conclusions are given in The Ascent of Life.

Here is still another parallel with The Price of Peace: the idea that man advances through enslavement, whether mental or physical -- the very rationale of colonialism, a typically Victorian idea. So Jarvis writes,

"Any urging concerning the values of civilization seems a foolishness to the savage whose fathers have for a thousand generations sought supremacy in rapine, scalping, revenge, and killing. The alteration must come through a change in personal desires. So the great changer, Story, was always used; and the Church eventually produced stories of human gods who were identified with the requisites of civilization, namely, kindness, forbearance, compassion and gentleness. Then men sought to become like the gods...not because they knew or cared anything about social improvement, but solely to gain post-mortem reward by imitating these stored deities. Their desires were changed. They passioned to be different from what they had been. In this way they were wisely led by story into acquiring what civilization needs. In the course of centuries, the scheme succeeded. Latterly it was realized that in striving for a wholly fictional heaven, men had incidentally made this despised world a rather decent place to live in. It became known as a certainty that self control, kindness and politeness are supremely desirable, not for any heavenly payment, but because without these there can be no civilization. This is the result of practical test, and is a permanent addition to wisdom, requiring no further teaching concerning fictional gods."²⁸

All in all, Jarvis believes that the Druids were indispensable, unscrupulous as they were. There is no question that he admires these Druids, just as he admired another creation of his mind, Geoffrey Hampstead.

Aside from the serious defects outlined above, there are pages which admirers of Jarvis will find interesting and entertaining. Although there has been an undeniable deterioration of his powers of thought and communication, readers will still recognize the Stinson Jarvis of earlier writings, and will enjoy the Price of Peace by virtue of that fact, if for no other reason.

Chapter 6: FICTION

Now that the ideas and philosophies of Stinson Jarvis have been reviewed, it will be possible to examine his novels on a deeper level than otherwise. But the fact remains that the novels of Jarvis are not really great literature. They lack the essential elements of universality and timelessness, and while they are definitely novels of ideas, the ideas themselves are neither very original nor profound. Yet the novels are on the whole compelling and attractive. In this chapter an attempt will be made to suggest why this is.

The three novels Geoffrey Hampstead, Doctor Perdue, and She Lived in New York, as well as the short story "The Pride of Margaret Alleyne", were all written within the relatively short period of 1890-1894. Therefore the similarity in style and subject matter is not surprising, particularly in view of the lack of intellectual growth evident even between two such widely-separated mileposts as Letters from East Longitudes (1875) and The Ascent of Life (1894). It was unfortunately impossible to provide direct quotations to illuminate the comments on Doctor Perdue and She Lived in New York. These books were available to the present author several months ago, but owing to an unforeseen change in the policy of the United

States Library of Congress, they could not be re-obtained at the time of writing (Winter, 1960). The library of the Memorial University of Newfoundland has not located these scarce books in any other collection. It is hoped, however, that an adequate introduction to Jarvis's fiction may be provided by an analysis of Geoffrey Hampstead, accompanied by somewhat less detailed references to the other works in light of that analysis. It will be seen that their similarities to Geoffrey Hampstead are greater than their differences.

The rationale for a good man of superior qualities is easily encompassed in Jarvis's theories of creative evolution. He fits in with nature's plan to improve mankind. The superior man who is evil is less easy to explain. Unlike Nietzsche, Jarvis believed wholeheartedly that such an ubermentsch was as much subject to traditional moral codes as any other man.

Geoffrey Hampstead is such a character. It may be interesting to note that he is very much like Jarvis himself; one might even venture a guess that this was how Jarvis saw himself, or wished to be seen; or that, in saying "There, but for the grace of God, go I", he was secretly wishing that he could go that way somehow. For there is no question but that Jarvis has great affection

for Hampstead; for all his evil, Hampstead remains a superior person. Hence the intended condemnation is somewhat muffled.

This is equally true of Estelle Crosby in She Lived in New York. A reading of Jarvis's entire output points undeniably to the fact that his intention in this book was to show the terrible consequences of sin. The gradual disintegration of Estelle Crosby is meant to provoke horror and disgust. Yet it is understandable why Prof. Beharriell calls the book "liberal and anti-puritan in its view."¹ The author's condemnation does not come through clearly; he has too much affection for the character. He is unable to conceal it. Thus the moral element, meant to be supreme, is in fact superfluous; and the objective study of character and scene becomes the real strength of the book, and of the other two books as well.

Geoffrey Hampstead is a bank clerk in Toronto, presumably a man about thirty years of age. A bank clerk, Jarvis points out with satirical intent, commands prestige in Toronto. Though he has neither family nor wealth, a bank clerk is admitted into society. His friend Jack Creswell, a clerk in the same Victoria Bank, plays Copperfield to Hampstead's Steerforth. But it should be remembered that these bank clerks are a good deal older

than Dickens' characters. This may be an indication of the somewhat boyish mentality of the author, who at forty-one could still boast that he had won the bowling prize and been captain of two cricket teams at school.

Maurice Rankin is another character introduced early in the story. His father had lost his money in a financial panic, and had died despondent and destitute. Maurice determined to complete his law studies, and eventually passed the bar examination. As the novel opens, he is almost penniless, but cheerful at his prospects for the future now that he has finally become a lawyer. Rankin plays an important part in the novel from a structural standpoint, although he cannot be considered among the major characters. He serves a kind of Greek chorus regarding the unfolding events, but is directly concerned with few of them. Honest but shrewd, Rankin is the only male character in the novel who is Hampstead's equal. Ultimately, as a lawyer, it is Rankin and no one else who seals Hampstead's fate.

At the beginning of the book, Rankin knows Hampstead only as a neighbour in the same apartment building. Hampstead takes him out to dinner. Afterwards, Rankin sits musing: "So I have got another client, I perceive. That dinner today was a fee -- nothing else in the world.

I don't know that I altogether like my new client. He evidently didn't get what he wanted."²

Throughout the novel Rankin is aware of most of the events, even present at many of them, but he remains always aloof. He is not colourless, but a character skilfully painted in pale shades.

Jack Creswell is kind and good-natured, not especially clever, passionately fond of yachting, and utterly devoted to his fiancée, Nina Lindon, as well as to Hampstead. Creswell is Hampstead's victim from the start. The relationship is portrayed with eminent truth to reality. Creswell wants only to give, Hampstead only to take.

Nina is the daughter of the very wealthy Joseph Lindon. Jarvis describes the Lindons and their domestic life with delicate but pointed irony. It is a life built totally upon appearances, and the Lindons are meant to epitomize Toronto high society.

"Mrs. Lindon was supremely her own mistress. This was not, perhaps, an ultimate benefit to her, but as she had nothing on earth to trouble about, long years of idleness and indulgence in every whim had led her to conjure up a grievance, which she nursed in her bosom, and on account of it she excused herself for all shortcomings. This was that she was left so much without the society of Mr. Lindon. Often, in the pauses between the excitements she created for herself, tears of self-pity would arise at the thought of her abandoned condition. The truth was that she did not care any more for Lindon than

he did for her; but from the fact that she really did desire to have a husband who would see better the advantages of shining in society, the poor lady contrived to convince herself that he had been greatly wanting in his duties to her as a husband, that the affection was all on her side, and that that affection was from year to year quietly repulsed. Their domestic bearing toward each other was now that of a quiet neutrality. They always addressed each other in public as 'my dear,' and, if either of them had died, no doubt the bereaved one would have mourned in the usual way, on the principle of 'Nil de mortuis nisi bunkum.'"³

Mr. Lindon does not speak of his pedigree: he has none. Fortunately he appears to be no different from the rest of Toronto in this respect. He is a self-made man, and his only interest in life is in accumulating money. His taste is entirely the product of imitation. In Matthew Arnold's nomenclature, Lindon is a philistine; but nearly all of Toronto society is like him. As one reviewer noted, "...the reader who is not Canadian must perceive plainly the limited worldliness of the provincial 'highflyers' at fashion -- a limitation of which they are supremely unconscious."⁴

Although he likes Jack Creswell, Lindon has sent Nina with her mother to Europe for two years expressly to keep her away from the young suitor. As Lindon remarks later in the book, "With her beauty and my money, she

will make the biggest match of the day...When Nina marries, sir, she marries blood; nothing less than a dook, sir, -- nothing less than a dook will satisfy me. And I'll have a dook, sir; mark my words!"⁵ But although she is capricious and fickle, Nina still has not met anyone in Europe whom she likes more than Jack. She does like Jack; she does not love him.

Margaret Mackintosh is Hampstead's opposite number in the novel. She is the one character who falls short of being convincing, simply because Jarvis demands more of her than any one human being can provide. She is the ideal woman who has never existed in real life. The daughter of a scholar or intellectual of some sort, like Jarvis's own first wife, she embodies intelligence, beauty, grace, nobility of soul, and everything else that the author believes is inherent in the highest strata of femininity: "the truly artistic woman." In order to enable her to carry this heavy responsibility in the novel, Jarvis has to muzzle her own feelings. The resulting impression is that she has no feelings. Still, her redeeming human attributes -- a good sense of humour combined with a certain shrewdness -- save her from being a mere cardboard figure.

Like all the other characters, Margaret is entranced (both literally and figuratively) by Hampstead. In this case Hampstead shares the sentiment.

Hampstead himself is a most interesting hero. Despite the fact that he can only be described in superlatives, he manages to remain real. The same may not be said for the author's explanation of how such a character came to be, as shall be seen later on in the present study. But Hampstead's importance must not be underrated. He is one of Jarvis's archetypes. As Margaret is the truly artistic woman, Hampstead is "the creative man", "nature's priest". He is all the more interesting because in his case something has gone wrong. Hampstead is the handsomest man in Toronto, possessed of remarkable strength and agility; he also commands a quick and penetrating intellect, and a will-power so great that he finds (even to his own surprise) that he can hypnotize others with no trouble.

What is "wrong" with Hampstead is revealed in this early exchange between him and Creswell, when the latter states "If one does wrong he violates his own appreciation of right, and his guilt can only be measured by the way he tramples on his conscience...", to which Hampstead replies "Then, according to you Jack, a fellow with no conscience would in human judgment have no guilt."⁶

This is Hampstead's problem. He has no conception of guilt. One faculty, conscience, is twisted, malformed. The point of his relationship with Margaret is to prove that it is not altogether absent; the potential for development is there. But certainly in a man so "superior" otherwise, it is strange to find this phenomenon.

How can it be explained? As has been suggested in earlier chapters of the present study, Jarvis puts a high premium on the importance of heredity in character-development. In his novels it is a crucial element. Heredity indeed labours under a disproportionate burden in this novel: it is the very key to Hampstead's character. But if heredity is ever truly the key to a man's character, it certainly cannot in purely literary terms have the same rank as environmental factors. This is because environment is so much more interesting dramatically. The connection between environment -- actions and settings -- and character is dramatic and organic; the connection between heredity and character has to be narrative and static. Jarvis has contrived Hampstead's origin so as to assure that heredity would be clearly implicated. In fact the book may well be considered a study in heredity, as it was

by some reviewers:⁷ a study of the consequence of a most unusual match.

In a rare mood of candour, Hampstead reveals his background to Margaret Mackintosh and Maurice Rankin. He is the son of a British nobleman who was for years assigned to the diplomatic service in Russia. On a trip into the interior, presumably in the Caspian region, the elder Hampstead's party was attacked by a band of Tartars. Fighting them off, Hampstead's men also managed to rescue a few of their prisoners. The wild beauty of one of the captives, a young Tartar woman, charmed the Englishman, and he literally bought her from the man in his group who had taken her.

Bringing the woman back with him to Moscow, he purchased clothes for her, taught her the rudiments of Western manners, and introduced her to society. Soon she emerged as the sensation of all Moscow, on account of her dazzling beauty. Later when he returned to England, Hampstead took her with him. His parents were shocked at first, but the girl charmed even them, and at last the Tartar and the nobleman were legally married. Within less than a year Geoffrey was born. Only a few months later the young mother was killed in a riding accident.

The elder Hampstead remarried and fathered several more children. In time, Geoffrey became the object of hatred and scorn among them. Hampstead went on a trip to Russia in search of his antecedents. Eventually he located the village from which his mother had come, even finding his own uncle, a brother of hers. Hampstead was horrified; the man was a cunning, drunken thief. Yet in his more lucid moments a trace of his sister's beauty could still be discerned. Later Hampstead learned that his mother's mother had herself been stolen by the Tartars, and had originated in some other tribe. This explained how it was that none of the other villagers had any of the same beauty.

Finding himself cast out, with even his own father turned against him, Hampstead determined to go to America to begin a new life. But his irrevocable link with the Tartars could not be forgotten. In the novel it is symbolized by his ability to disjoint the third and fourth fingers of both hands, a feat which none of his father's family could perform, but which he had seen his Tartar uncle do habitually.

This tale is a necessary part of the novel, and is supposed to add to an understanding of Hampstead.

But it has no organic connection with the plot, and in order to avoid any appearance of this, to set it off, Jarvis lessens its dramatic impact by letting Hampstead narrate it, rather than giving it the dramatic treatment. To be sure, the story is peculiar enough on its own account to hold the reader's interest; and while one suspects that the elder Hampstead and his bride would have been interesting personalities, a development of their characters would have been extraneous to the novel as Jarvis saw it. At best their only connection with the plot could have been their personal influence upon the developing Hampstead. But this is not Jarvis's point at all; in his view the most important influence is biological. To avoid confusion he deliberately eliminates Mrs. Hampstead before such personal influence can take effect; and this is also why he consciously prevents Geoffrey's parents from coming alive as characters.

In addition to the foregoing, there are a number of minor characters who add atmosphere, and help the plot along. There are the Dusenalls, Charley, Emily, and their mother, a fabulously wealthy Toronto family. A cruise on Charley Dusenall's yacht, the Ideal, serves as a framework for nearly one third of the story.

Mrs. Priest is the landlady of the building in which Hampstead, Creswell, and Rankin all reside. She is a Dickensian character who, for example, avoids buying her own coal by taking one lump from every other flat in the building every morning. She has a son, Patsey, a young urchin who smokes cigars.

Detective Dearborn of the Toronto Police Department is the man who apprehends Jack Creswell in the fast-paced closing section of the novel. He is the one character who is primarily a function of the plot. But in a passage describing the lawman's state of mind, the character is fleshed out enough to suit the requirements of his place in the novel.

"...Mr. Dearborn, perhaps owing to the peculiar formation of his jaw, generally lost all idea of the respectability of a man as soon as he got on his trail. He might have the benefit of all doubts in his favor until the warrant for his arrest was placed in Mr. Dearborn's hands. After that, as a rule, the individual, whether acquitted or not at his subsequent trial, took no high stand in Mr. Dearborn's mind. If acquitted, it was only the result of lawyers' trickery; not on account of innocence. Mr. Dearborn...had that tenacity of purpose that made every attempt at escape seem to double the culprit's guilt, and in a hard capture this supplied him with that 'gall' which could meet and overcome the desperate courage of a man at bay."⁸

According to Morgan's account, when Geoffrey Hampstead was reviewed, "the author was guessed at differently,

owing to the variety of detail in the book. He was suggested to be a banker, a 'society man', a 'science professor', and a lawyer, while all seemed to agree that he was a yachtsman."⁹ Jarvis was attempting to write a number of different novels at once, a common enough trait among those writing novels for the first time.

This eclecticism, and the leisurely circumstances under which the book was written, influence its form. In a sense Geoffrey Hampstead is two novels. The first is a "society novel," discursive, panoramic, containing much description and character exposition, but little plot. Here is the anatomy of Toronto, the atmosphere, the conversation, the human types. Jarvis writes with good humour and mildly satiric intent in this section. He does not criticize the society itself -- never in his life was he to do that -- but the people in it. Like most Victorians, he does not seem to see how much these people are the inevitable products of their society.

An extension of this exposition is the long yachting sequence in the middle of the book. All the important characters are brought together, and the movement of the plot, which has not got very far as yet, is almost entirely postponed. There is also the specific yachting

element, in the tradition of the Victorian sporting novel, or more precisely, the yachting novel. When viewed from this angle, the conversations and events, many of which have little relevance to the plot as a whole, are seen as embellishments to the portrayal of a sporting activity. As one reviewer put it, Jarvis "sails his boats in his book." This provides vicarious pleasure for author and readers alike. This is the part of the novel in which most of Jarvis's philosophical ideas are advanced. The relationship between Hampstead and Margaret begins to take shape. Jarvis was thinking in Rousseau-like terms when he wrote this section: personalities, suddenly unfettered by the demands of civilization, are supposed to emerge with new clarity. The technique is to place a group of people in a natural setting, away from the artificiality and hurry of city life. In a typically Victorian way, these characters manage to bring most of the city life along with them, but there is a certain amount of playful abandon which is new. One recalls Jarvis's little column "Within Sound of the Sea", in this connection.

The yachting sequence concludes with a breathtaking trip from Charlotte, New York, to Toronto, in the midst

of a heavy storm. It virtually duplicates the real adventure which Jarvis had experienced in 1872, as detailed in the biographical section of the present study.

Finally the plot rushes in, and the novel takes on a different cast entirely. This is a structural change, creating a second "novel" very distinct from the first, or "society" section. Geoffrey Hampstead now becomes a novel of incident. One reviewer put it this way, perhaps a little severely: "The last half-dozen chapters are very well done; swift, concise, coherent, they show a decided ability for narration of improbable events, and serve to efface the memory of the pages of puerile talk and platitudinous reflection of which quite two-thirds of the preceding chapters are made up."¹⁰ Here there is little time to pause for reflection. So ~~ind~~irectly does the plot speed on to its inexorable conclusion, that the characters do to a certain extent become puppets.

There is nothing unusual about this exposition-development-dénouement structure of Geoffrey Hampstead, except that it is lopsided. By the time the yachting episode is over, two-thirds of the book have gone by,

yet the plot development has barely begun. Had the plot been spaced more evenly, the tone of the novel would have been more consistent, and the characters would not have lost any individuality by being hurried through their paces in the closing chapters. On the other hand, the brevity and speed of those chapters imparts a journalistic flavour which is most exciting. Jack and Nina hurry to Buffalo; Hampstead hurries to sell stock; Nina hurries to Lockport; Jack hurries to Toronto; Hampstead hurries to buy stock; Jack meets Nina secretly; Hampstead loses his money; Jack and Nina hurry to Oswego; Hampstead hurries to his room with the stolen money; Dearborn hurries after Jack; and so on. It really is hair-raising, with a constant feeling of movement. Could Jarvis have maintained this atmosphere if he had spaced the plot evenly over twenty-eight chapters?

Hardly; taking into account the length of the book, the conditions under which it was written, and the fact that Jarvis was "trying to write a number of novels at once," he has done the only thing possible, as will be seen.

The old serial novels of Dickens, Reade, Collins, et al., demanded that each installment contain roughly the same amounts of plot and discussion as every other

installment. Except for slightly more discussion in the exposition, and more plot at the climax, this tended to give an even, homogeneous tone to the novel. Jarvis, of course, wrote Geoffrey Hampstead in his spare time. It seems likely that he began with the idea of a character, an archetype of his own predilections, around whom he freely wove a network of impressions and sketches of Toronto life. The plot, although well worked out, is extraneous to this, almost an afterthought. It would seem that Jarvis did not care how improbable the plot was so long as there was one, to serve as a kind of skeleton on which to hang the rest of the novel. At the end all this must be cleared away somehow, and then the book can be declared officially over.

But despite the fact that he himself was not writing serially, and did not want to write three volumes (for one thing, few publishers were accepting three-volume novels by 1890), Jarvis was taking these long, rambling works, the dominant form of fiction for nearly a century, as his models. Possibly the influence was unconscious, but the vast majority of novels available at that time were in this form, and their example could hardly be avoided.

By today's standard, Jarvis's plot is complicated, but by the Victorian standard it is brief. The sort of rambling, discursive novel Jarvis began writing really demands a complicated and generally slow-moving plot, if the two elements of "society" and "incident" are to be combined homogeneously. Properly speaking, in order to preserve the exciting six-chapter sequence and to maintain its tone in the context of an otherwise leisurely book, Jarvis would have had to make it a part of a much larger, far more complicated plot. This would have necessitated more characters, more description, more essays; in short, a three-volume novel. Within the limits he set (378 pages), the two elements do not quite fit together. It may be noted that Wilkie Collins, unlike Dickens or Reade, wrote many novels of about that length. But the only way he could make this practicable was by drastically curtailing characterization, description, and philosophy, in favour of plot.

At this juncture it might be illuminating to examine the plot itself. The story opens with Creswell waiting for Nina to return from Europe, and eager for Hampstead to meet her. Not only does Hampstead meet her, but he is driven by something in his perverse nature to make her

fall in love with him. Although she has never been in love before, Hampstead finds that his desire is accomplished all too easily. At this point he immediately loses what interest he had in her. She has no pride in the matter, and continues to meet with him secretly. In this manner they carry on a clandestine affair. Good-natured Creswell loves them both and is entirely without suspicion.

Meanwhile Hampstead finds that he is falling in love with Margaret Mackintosh, and that she loves him. This merely increases his aversion toward Nina. The yachting cruise intensifies this situation, and Hampstead determines to be rid of Nina. Hampstead's continuing coldness has made Nina realize the futility of her love and the shame of her position; in a very vague passage the reader, if he wants to, learns that she is pregnant.

Hampstead is furious. He refuses to "make her an honest woman", but instead tells her to marry Jack. She determines to do this, and gradually acclimates herself to the new situation. When she tells Jack she wishes to marry him he is delirious with joy. Although he is refused by Mr. Lindon, Jack and Nina intend to

marry nevertheless, and in short order they are on their way to Buffalo. They meet a clergyman named Matthew Simpson and he marries them. Nina immediately leaves for Lockport, New York, where she has friends. In order that her family should not be suspicious, she had told them that she was going to Lockport to begin with. Jack had supposedly gone to Halifax to visit his parents.

Jack had paid the clergyman with a fifty-dollar bill, all he had at the time. Going to pick up his change, he discovers that he has been swindled, that "Matthew Simpson" was an imposter, and that he is therefore not legally married. Nina has already gone. Here Jack makes a fatal error. Instead of going to Lockport to see Nina, he returns to Toronto to speak to Hampstead about the matter.

Hampstead's feelings for Creswell have gone sour, although poor Jack is oblivious to this fact. Hampstead, because of his affair with Nina, has contempt for Jack. Hampstead is also in a bad frame of mind because of the stock market. He had made \$15,000 on a number of stocks, then thrown this and all his money into another stock.

which was selling low because of the death of the president of the company. There was nothing at all wrong with the

stock, but shareholders had panicked momentarily, and the price continued to drop. Hampstead mortgaged everything he had, knowing that the price would eventually rise and that he would make a fortune.

At the time of Creswell's return to Toronto, Hampstead has begun to drink heavily. He finds that he cannot last through the panic because he does not have enough capital in reserve. After Jack tells him his problem, Hampstead forms a plan. Without going into detail here, it is a very clever plan to steal \$50,000 from the bank where he and Jack work, making it look as if Jack had done it. Hampstead takes the money just after Jack leaves the bank and boards a schooner for Oswego, New York, where he is to meet Nina and be legally married. Naturally this circumstance makes it look as though he is trying to flee the country with the money. Hampstead had even contrived a way that Jack would be found with two of the stolen \$1,000 bills on his person.

Detective Dearborn is on his trail, and boards a boat which he expects will be able to overtake the schooner which Jack is on. It is the steamer Eleusinian, the very boat which had pulled the yacht across Lake Ontario earlier in the story. Nina is also on board this steamer, going to meet Jack at Oswego.

Not only does the Eleusinian overtake the schooner: the two boats collide. Dearborn jumps from the steamer to the schooner in order to apprehend Jack. Jack sees Nina on board the steamer, which is rapidly sinking. He goes to rescue her, but Dearborn, thinking he is going to drown himself, holds him back. Before their eyes the boat sinks, and Nina drowns, along with everyone else on board the ship. Dearborn was the only one who escaped.

Jack is delirious. Meanwhile Rankin is engaged as counsel for him. After some skilful detective work involving Mrs. Priest and her son Patsey, Rankin realizes the identity of the real culprit, proves it to the jury, and Hampstead is convicted. The irony of it is that had he managed to hold on a few hours longer, Hampstead would have made far more than \$50,000 on the stock. The man who was holding the prices down, being the largest shareholder, was none other than Mr. Lindon. The same day that Hampstead stole the money, Lindon had let it be known that he was buying, and the price immediately rocketed. He had made at least \$100,000 that day. Fate had used Mr. Lindon as an unwitting instrument of vengeance upon Hampstead, who indirectly caused the death of Nina, Lindon's daughter.

Hampstead, tempered by six years in the penitentiary, decides to go to Paris to study medicine. His aim is to become a great surgeon. But in order to do this, he still faces the problem of how to get money.

About that time, Margaret and her friends journey to Niagara Falls to see John Jackson and his dog swim the Niagara rapids. This tremendous feat will win the swimmer about \$30,000, according to the papers. Rankin is among the party watching the swimmer struggle through the current. "He was now almost opposite them, and his face, set desperately, turned, during an instant in a quieter spot, toward the platform. Margaret gave a piercing shriek, and fell back into Rankin's arms. At the next half-moment a huge boiling mountain, foaming up against the current in which the swimmer's body floated, struck him a terrible blow, and threw the dog back on top of him. Both were engulfed. After a while the dog's head appeared again, but Geoffrey Hampstead was overwhelmed in the Bedlam of waters, whose foaming, raging madness battered out his life."¹¹ And so the novel ends.

Margaret, distressed by Hampstead's imprisonment, had gradually withdrawn from society. "Grave, pleasant, studious, thoughtful, she went on with her hospital work."¹²

Rankin's brilliant success brought him advancement in his profession; it had been his first court case. At the end he is the only one in the story who has prospered. He is the man who worked hard and remained aloof: the Canadian ideal?

Jarvis's talent for dialogue is very much in evidence throughout. The conversations are characteristic, often slangy, usually very natural. Typical is a long exchange among several of the yacht passengers, of which a part is given here.

"Then he arose and grasped Charley in a vise-like grip, for though fat he was powerful. He pinned the skipper to the deck and sat upon him.

"'Say, dearest,' he cooed into his ear, 'At about what hour will this heavenly repast be ready?'

"'Pull him off -- somebody!' groaned Charley. 'I hate a man that has to be thrown in the water to --' a thump on the back silenced him.

"'May I convey your commands to the Minister of the Interior,' asked his tormentor.

"'Oh, my ribs! Yes. Tell him to begin at it at once.'

"'I don't mind if I do,' said Mr. Lemons sagaciously; and he disappeared down the companion-way to interview the cook.

"'Ain't he a brick?' said Charley, after Lemons had gone forward. 'He's a regular one-er, that chap! Give him his meals on time and he's the gamest old sardine. By the way, let us have a sweepstake on the time we drop anchor in South Bay.'

"'We haven't any money in these togs,' said Geoffrey.

"'Well, you'll have to owe it, then. We'll imagine there's a quarter apiece in the pool.'"13

Where Jarvis's dialogue is somewhat forced , it is because he has chosen to use the dramatic method a bit beyond its capabilities. For example, like most Victorian novels, Geoffrey Hampstead is peppered with essays on various topics -- guilt, religion, evolution, and so forth. Because of Jarvis's reluctance to write as author, however, some of these essays have to be put into the mouths of the characters, decreasing the natural quality of the dialogue. This is the concession a dramatist must make when he wishes to display the intellects of his characters while simultaneously expounding his own ideas.

"'I have sometimes thought,' said Margaret, 'That if happiness depends upon one's goodness it is not necessarily that goodness which we are taught to recognize as such. Goodness seems to be relative and quite changeable among different people. Some of the best people under the Old Testament would not shine as saints under the New Testament, yet the older people were doubtless happy enough in their beliefs. Desirable observances necessary to a Mohammedan's goodness are not made requisite in any European faith, and yet our people are not unhappy on this account. Nobody can doubt that pagan priests were, and are, completely happy when weltering in the blood of their fellow-creatures, and, if it be true that conscience is divinely implanted in all men, that under divine guidance it is an infallible judge between good and evil, that one may be happy when his conscience approves his actions, and that therefore happiness comes from God, how is it that the pagan priest while at such work is able to think himself holy and to rejoice in it with clearest conscience?'"14

One could hardly imagine a person in actual conversation saying, "Desirable observances necessary to a Mohammedan's goodness are not made requisite in any European faith." But this technique of the verbalized essay does yield the opportunity for effective irony; a certain dramatic tension results when each of the various characters have a chance to play the theme of the novel solo espressivo at various places throughout the story, providing a kind of refrain, the full meaning of which is not fully understood until the story is over; for example, Margaret's words, "if it be true that conscience is divinely implanted in all men, that under divine guidance it is an infallible judge between good and evil...how is it that the pagan priest while at such work is able to think himself holy and to rejoice in it with clearest conscience?" Here she echoes Creswell, quoted earlier, who said, "If one does wrong he violates his own appreciation of right, and his guilt can only be measured by the way he tramples on his conscience." This in fact is the major theme of the novel, and it is meant to be taken as a question rather than an answer.

Dialogue is part of the larger problem of characterization. For the purposes of this discussion, two degrees of characterization may be described. The

"plausible" character is more than sufficient in minor roles. Mrs. Priest, for example, merely provides atmosphere, and assists the plot. A few bold strokes are enough; motives are stylized or ignored entirely. When a character is too fantastic, too dull, too mechanically consistent, or too inconsistent; when he is undifferentiated, or overly idiosyncratic; in short, when he is implausible, then he is a failure in a novel of this type. The second degree is the "convincing" character. In a psychological novel the personalities of the major characters must be analyzed. Their actions and reactions must be in character, and if the reader cannot believe that such a character exists in real life, he must at least be able to believe that such a character could exist. When the character seems too much an idea, and too little a person, then he is unconvincing. At the same time he may still be plausible, in the sense detailed above.

None of Jarvis's characters are implausible. Some are unconvincing, however. With regard to the question of dialogue, it is remarkable how far accurate and appropriate dialogue can go toward creating a plausible character. When improbable incident is an

important factor in a story, an author must guard against the incursion of "puppets" if he wishes to maintain a sense of verisimilitude. Accurate and appropriate dialogue, even by itself, can provide a foolproof defense against this, for it automatically creates a plausible character. Simple though this may sound, it cannot work unless the author understands how various types of people speak, and how to re-create that speech on paper, imparting to it a certain necessary stylization to compensate for the loss of the direct impact of pitch, volume, tone quality, gesture, and facial expression.

Where the author is attempting to create a convincing character, however, accurate and appropriate dialogue is not enough. Margaret Mackintosh is a case in point. Her attributes are largely predetermined by her function in the novel as a counterweight to Hampstead. Under these circumstances, Jarvis does very well with her -- he makes her plausible -- and, after all, it is a truism by now that in fiction the really good person is the most ineluctable of all character types. Margaret's feelings, her tragedy, may not emerge, but on the other hand she does not bore and

infuriate the reader as Dickens' Esther Summerson does in Bleak House. If she is not a complete failure, it is dialogue that saves her, the kind seen in this characteristic rejoinder to Hampstead:

" 'Talking of house-maids,' said Margaret, 'I just met Mrs. whats-her-name --- you know, the little American with the German name; and she had just discharged one of her maids. She said to me, "You know I have just one breakfast -- ice-cold water and a hot roll; sometimes a pickle. Sarah said I'd kill myself, and in spite of everything I could say she would load the table with tea or coffee and stuff I don't want. 'Last I got mad and I walked in with her wages up to date. I said 'Sarah I guess we had better part. You don't fill the bill.' "I told her I would try and get Sarah myself, as I didn't object to her ideas in the matter of breakfasts. I have been looking for her and wanting some nice person to help me find her. What are you doing this afternoon?' "15

Here Jarvis uses internal quotations in order to evoke all possible atmosphere of immediacy. Margaret's speech is full of chatty expressions like "talking of --", "whats-her-name", "you know", "kill myself", "she would", "stuff I don't want", and several more. Readers of Victorian literature sometimes begin to believe that in those days people spoke with silver tongues, in ornate, rolling, ponderous phrases. Jarvis shows that they spoke very much the way modern people do.

There is a great deal of this sort of conversation, especially in the first section of the novel, the "society" section. In fact, this talent for dialogue

explains why all the characters have the reader's sympathy and interest throughout, even Margaret. It also explains why Geoffrey Hampstead, a character who under other circumstances might appear far-fetched, is convincing: When he talks, he sounds like a real person.

"'Jack, a man's soul is simply his power of imaging and desiring what he hasn't got. Once a day, more or less, his soul imagines his sweetheart. If a poet, his soul combines the two. Or else it is the mighty dollar, or hunting, or something else.'"16

Or, in a different vein:

"'Now, old man, unburden your mind. I know you want to tell me something, but do not be surprised if you find me asleep before you get your second wind. If you care for me, cut it short...Playing gooseberry with success requires a clever person... I don't think I'm quite equal to the call for the tact and loss of individuality which the position entails. However, dear boy, I am quite aware that to introduce me to the lady of your heart as your particular friend is the greatest compliment one fellow can pay another -- all things considered. Don't you think so? Oh yes, I dare say we will be a trio quite out of the common. But, if she is as pretty as you say she is, I'll have to look at her, you know. Can't help looking at a handsome woman, even if she were hedged in with as many prohibitions as the royal family. You'll have to get accustomed to that, of course.'"17

Jarvis's talent for descriptive writing strikes the reader from the very first paragraph of the novel. His writing has a truly visual quality.

"The Victoria Bank, Toronto, is on the corner of Bay and Front Streets, where it overlooks a part

of the harbor large enough to gladden the eyes of the bank-clerks who are aquatic in their habits and have time to look out of the windows. Young gentlemen in tattered and ink-stained coats, but irreproachable in the matter of trousers and linen, had been known to gaze longingly and wearily down toward that strip of shining water when hard fate in the shape of bank duty apparently remained indifferent to the fact that an interesting race was being rowed or sailed."¹⁸

These first sentences embody all that is best in Jarvis's style: irony, good descriptions and euphony. Note the mock-poetic tone imparted by such expressions as "aquatic in their habits," "irreproachable in the matter of trousers and linen," "strip of shining water," and "hard fate in the shape of bank duty." They are ironic because they are grandiose out of proportion to what they describe. Jarvis seems to be suggesting that the bank-clerks take themselves very seriously indeed, but that they do not warrant it. If they think they deserve the grand treatment, they shall get the grand treatment, and if humour results then the point is made. This technique is reminiscent of Thackeray, an author Jarvis admired.

At the same time, the paragraph is somewhat descriptive. "The Victoria Bank, Toronto...on the corner of Bay and Front Streets...overlooks a part of the harbor..."; "...bank-clerks...look out of the windows...

young gentlemen in tattered and ink-stained coats... irreproachable...trousers and linen...strip of shining water...race being rowed or sailed." There is a great deal of description in that one short paragraph.

The ornate sentences, with their many qualifying phrases, are most euphonious. The sentences readily suggest rising and falling inflections of voice, and pauses which create a rhythmic element. In addition there are the words themselves. These were probably not selected consciously so much as intuitively, by ear; at any rate they do show definite patterns, further contributing to the euphony. "Victoria...Toronto...corner;" "...part...harbor...large;" "irreproachable in the matter of trousers;" "longingly and wearily." Note the similarity in sound among the words in each of these groups, one of the elements contributing to what is known as "rolling" oratory.

The paragraph given above was picked at random, but Jarvis uses irony, vivid description, and euphony throughout the novel. Obviously the irony is absent in some places where a dramatic tone is required, as in this passage setting the stage for a romantic episode:

"They sailed on for some distance in open water, and then...commenced a sinuous course among small islands. The dusk of the evening had still some of the light of day in it, but the moon was already

up and endeavoring to assert her power...As they glided about, Geoffrey sometimes faced the current with long, silent strokes that gave no idea of exertion foreign to the quiet charm of the scene, and at other times the paddle dragged lazily through the water as he sat back and allowed the canoe to drift along on the current close to the rocky islands. They floated past breezy nooks where ferns and mosses filled the interstices between rocks and tree roots, where trees had grown up misshapenly between the rocks, under wild creeping vines that drooped from the overhanging boughs and swept the flowing water...For Margaret, there was enough in the surroundings to keep her silent. She had yielded herself to the full enjoyment of the balmy air and faint evening glows, changing landscape, and sound of gurgling water."¹⁹

Vivid description is often replaced by its stylistic counterpart, vivid conversation:

"'For goodness' sake, Geoffrey, do behave better on the highway! What will those women think?'

"'Their curiosity will gnaw them cruelly, I fear. They are looking after us yet. I can see them.'"

And euphony, while always present, is not always of the expansive variety. Sometimes it may have a faster tempo:

"Jack hurried off to the chambers, counted out the two thousand dollars which he had wished to get rid of, and after taking a last look at the old rooms, he hurried to the Yacht Club. Here he put the valises into his own skiff after changing his good clothes for the old sailing clothes...Then, under an old soft-felt hat with holes in the top, he rowed down to the schooner, threw his valises on board, and climbed over the side."²¹

The atmosphere here is not created by the subject matter alone. Jarvis uses short, common words, and very straightforward rhetoric. The accented syllables fall more

frequently than in the grandiloquent description of the Victoria Bank.

All these characteristics of Jarvis's writing -- irony, vivid description or conversation, and euphony -- are found not only in his fiction, but in many of his essays and re-views as well. For example, this passage from one of his yachting columns is colourful enough for a novel:

"But you say there are yacht-races to record? No, no! let them wait! The first race for the Prince's match cup was a mere walk-around for the Vigilant, and you have seen her skim in first so often in New York that I want to speak of the oddities -- things not seen in America -- to be observed as one looks at curious foreign beetles through a microscope. I want to speak of the many hundreds of yachts, of their staunchness and sea-going ability, with their high bulwarks and stout rigging, which commend them to all lovers of ocean cruising..."²²

And so on. Literally hundreds of examples can be found quite easily among the articles of Stinson Jarvis. If the reader cares to re-examine the quotations given in Chapters 3, 4, and 5 of the present study, he will see many passages which create a picture, which sound well, and which have a wry, ironic tone.

Stinson Jarvis's next work of fiction was the short story "The Pride of Margaret Alleyne," subtitled, "Glimpses at a New England Family." Here he presents the Alleynes, all "superior" people who are somehow tainted: they all die young.

The story is narrated by a grandson of Margaret Alleyne. At the time he is writing, she has survived all of her children and her husband, has seen them die one by one. But she has borne the terrible tragedy. What has allowed her to survive? Her pride. Jarvis explains that pride, in its proper use, is not a sin, but a strengthening virtue.

"The Pride of Margaret Alleyne" is a pathological tale, a text-book case of the Victorian malaise. Jarvis himself seems to be aware of the fact, and seems to be hinting that Margaret Alleyne had in effect killed all of her beautiful children with her imperious pride. The death of her last child, the youngest, Sidney, is described in somewhat more detail than the others. "A disappointment, a high spirit pampered, self-control abandoned, perhaps an idea that his ruin was picturesque, a fall on his head from the saddle, the worthless prophecy of a clairvoyant that he would not live the year, nerve for yachting gone, life become a frenzy, and then, one day, when he was only twenty-nine, a gentleman came

in a cab from the club to say that Sidney had become dangerously crazy and had attacked several."²³ He died within a few hours, of acute alcoholism complicated by an overdose of morphia administered by a doctor.

Sidney's death is described with touching verisimilitude "...his face blanched and strained forward toward the opposite wall, with curiosity and fear in it.

"And he said, under his breath: 'They must have come through the window. Now, mother, do you think they will do any harm?'

"'I cannot see, without my spectacles, what they are doing?' said she, examining the wall.

"'There are six small monkeys, about the size of robins, sawing the pattern out of the wall-paper with little saws.' He was trembling with fear, but, with instinct strong in him, evidently ashamed to admit it to a woman."²⁴

But certainly the most revealing sentence in the whole piece is Margaret Alleyne's remark about Sidney's death. "'If people knew how in the last years of his life I laid awake expecting that boy to be brought home on a shutter or perhaps killed in some way that meant utter disgrace, they would know the relief it was that he died quietly in his home.'"²⁵ It is as though she had taken

it for granted that he, and all the others, would die. This was all right: "utter disgrace" was a more important factor than mere life or death.

This is not the only example of Jarvis's saying more than he admits. At times he can be very subtle. In Geoffrey Hampstead it is perfectly clear that Hampstead's growing hatred for Nina is caused by his own insecurity about Margaret. Since this is a psychological novel, it is not wrong to examine psychological motivations. The reader will see what the author barely hints at. For example, in the scene in which Nina admits that she is pregnant, and begs Hampstead to marry her:

"...it seemed to him a most dastardly thing to sacrifice Margaret's life now to conceal his own wrong-doing. In the light of this idea, Nina's wealth and beauty suddenly became tawdry. Margaret's nobility and happiness suddenly seemed worth dying for. They must not be wrecked in a moment of weakness. As if dispassionately, he laid before Nina the history of their acquaintance, and also his other obligations. Really, it placed him in a very awkward, not to say absurd, position. He wished to do what was right, but did not see his way at all clear. The only way was to efface himself entirely, and consider only what was due to others. Before the world he was engaged to Margaret, and had been so all along. She had his word that he would marry her. If it were only 'his word' that had to be broken, that might be done. But was the happiness of Margaret's life to be cast aside? Which of the two, was more innocent -- which, of the two, had the better right or duty to bear the brunt of the disaster?"²⁶

Note that rather than quoting, Jarvis paraphrases Hampstead's actual words, thus subtly caricaturing them. The inference is that Nina is weaker than Margaret, and because Hampstead deliberately took advantage of this weakness, his reasoning is hypocritical. The author's only comment on this is that "The way (Hampstead) effaced his own personality in this discourse was almost picturesque. Justice blindfold, with impartial scales in her hand, was nothing to him."²⁷ The understatement makes the point.

Jarvis's next book was Doctor Perdue, a sequel to Geoffrey Hampstead. Doctor Perdue has the defects of most sequels, which are often written out of affection for a character, or moral considerations, but are rarely justified from a literary standpoint. An example of this is the case of Jerome Weidman's classic of the 1930s, I Can Get it for You Wholesale. The hero-villain in this novel, Harry Bogen, is totally unscrupulous, with neither the intellectual nor the picaresque quality that can make evil characters easier to accept. At the end of the novel he is more prosperous than ever. Out of delight with such an effective character, and a desire for justice, Weidman wrote a sequel, What's in it for Me?, a

comparatively little-known work, in which Harry Bogen continues his exploits and finally meets his doom. The trouble is that part of Harry Bogen's character is precisely that he can always manage to avoid doom. When, at the end of the second work, he fails to take the steps he would have taken at any other time, his downfall fails to convince.

Geoffrey Hampstead is a more sympathetic character than Harry Bogen, but a member of the same species nevertheless. Here, conversely, the creator feels he has been too severe with his character, and out of a similar desire for justice and delight with the character, he writes Doctor Perdue in order to resurrect Hampstead from his watery grave and to emphasize his potential for goodness. And again, it must be stated that Hampstead's character is precisely that evil does predominate, and his resurrection fails to convince. The story of Geoffrey Hampstead was over when he drowned. Indeed, it really was over when he was convicted; structurally his death is superfluous. Moral justice clashes with literary justice, and "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Incidentally, unlike Sir Arthur Conan Doyle several years later, Jarvis never explains his hero's miraculous escape.

The two books are described in Morgan's article, (and these are probably Jarvis's own words): in the first, "...the leading character provided a study of the mixture of good and evil in one person -- his finer points not, however, saving him from penitentiary in the end: and in Doctor Perdue is shown the same man after the chastening of grief and solitude had brought to the front the obscured nobility of his nature. In the two books taken together, it was the author's wish to suggest that much may be hoped for, even in men who fall so very far from grace as Hampstead."²⁸

Doctor Perdue is Hampstead's new name. He has accomplished his goal of becoming a surgeon, and is practicing in Paris. He has fame and wealth, but no love. The story opens with Perdue, out for a quiet ride through the Bois de Boulogne, bravely rescuing two English women from a runaway team of horses. These two are an elderly spinster, Miss Clement, and her beautiful niece, Cecilia. Perdue continues to see Cecilia after this incident, and falls in love with her.

Cecilia is a character somewhat like Nina Lindon, but with a nastier streak in her nature. Jarvis, speaking as author more than in the previous novel, makes it clear

that Cecilia is in love with Hampstead's money more than anything else. Owing to a kind provision of feminine nature, she herself remains unaware of the true object of her affections for a while, and can experience a reasonable facsimile of love. But after the marriage her real feelings show themselves. What is worse, she falls under the influence of a high church clergyman, the nearest thing to a monk that the Anglican Church can provide. His goal is to secure as much of her money (actually Perdue's) as he can. The Perdues have set up house in a mansion belonging to the aunt, which is on the south coast of England, but the Doctor is frequently in Paris. As the separation between him and his wife grows more and more extensive, Perdue begins to spend more of his time in France. The marriage is an acknowledged failure, and Perdue would let matters rest, were it not for the priest. Besides the fact that this man is after his money, Hampstead feels a strong personal revulsion towards him.

At about this time Miss Clement's dying sister, a Mrs. Mackintosh, arrives with her daughter, who is none other than Margaret Mackintosh. The meeting between her and Perdue is handled rather well by Jarvis, as is her

reaction to the knowledge that Perdue is married. Although Cecilia is "a wife in name only", Perdue must remain true.

Shortly thereafter a yacht full of old friends from Toronto sails into the harbour. A voyage to the Mediterranean is arranged, in which all of the characters take part. All the Toronto men are friends of Hampstead, except for one, and this one betrays him to Cecilia when they are some distance at sea. She promptly refuses to see him or speak to him.

The conclusion is that Cecilia conveniently dies, and Hampstead and Margaret are united at last. The defects of Geoffrey Hampstead are to some extent magnified in this novel. The plot is even more far-fetched. Margaret, under even greater emotional stress, remains the same perfect being. Worst of all, Perdue himself is not enough of a character to motivate the entire novel, as he is intended to do. Perdue is supposed to be Hampstead, but he is not. One cannot, for example, imagine Perdue saying that he would rather run than fight, as Hampstead does on p. 55 of the earlier book. Perdue is one step further removed from reality than Hampstead. Obviously with the extinction of evil came a corresponding reduction of his

perception and mastery over people. Hampstead could never have allowed Cecilia to do to him what she did to Perdue. In short, Perdue is a duller man than Hampstead in both senses of the word. He is not so clever, nor is he so interesting. But, as was said of Margaret earlier, he is at least "plausible", because he talks like a real person; so that while his impact is diffuse, he does have the reader's sympathy.

Despite its shortcomings, Doctor Perdue is still well worth reading, for the same reasons that Geoffrey Hampstead is. It has that same clever, confident prose style, the interesting if superficial discussions about everything under the sun, and beautiful scenic description. Like the earlier work, Doctor Perdue may also be looked upon as a yachting novel, in the genre of William Black (1848-1898) and Clark Russell (1844-1911). Another point in its favour is that Doctor Perdue is more gracefully structured than Geoffrey Hampstead. The plot is not so exciting as that of its predecessor, and does not depend on speed for its effect. Consequently it can be spread out more evenly, and Jarvis has learned to budget his narrative and descriptive sections so that he can speak as author when he needs to. There is no need to put most of his ideas into his characters' conversations. (For a contemporary review of Doctor Perdue, see the Appendix to this chapter.)

Jarvis's final novel, She Lived in New York, is no different in style from the others. It does, however, represent a structural advance. It is far more economical, and its dramatic impact is greater. She Lived in New York is the story of Estelle Crosby, a young and beautiful woman trapped in an unhappy marriage. The plot is very simple. A young man falls in love with her, and she is persuaded to "break her marriage vow." Her association with this man and his Bohemian friends leads to her gradual degradation and disintegration, culminating in her suicide. Her husband, whom she had rejected, had gone to another city and made a fortune; but he comes back, continuing to attempt a reconciliation until the end.

In Geoffrey Hampstead one part of the book is all character and no plot, and the other part is all plot and no character. In She Lived in New York Jarvis succeeds in combining a fast-moving story with true, documentary description. The characters seem to be real people. The description of a masked ball at Madison Square Garden could have come out of the pages of Leslie's Weekly. The scene in which the spurned Mr. Charles Crosby steals back to his apartment for a last look at his sleeping wife, her beautiful form clearly discernible through the sheets, is honest enough to touch readers of any generation. The pictures of Estelle, drinking, dancing, posing as an artist's model, all explains what Prof. Beharriell meant when he

described She Lived in New York as "daring, but delicately done." The present author questions whether Jarvis meant to be daring; rather, it is suggested that he was merely being naive, believing that any unpleasant truths he told were justified by his greater purpose.

Estelle does not emerge as an evil figure, however. It has been noted that Jarvis maintained a tolerant attitude in his reviews and philosophical writings, rarely condemning. He has the same attitude toward the people in his books. Whatever Jarvis's purpose, no character in this novel can truly be called evil.

One of the most amusing paragraphs Jarvis ever wrote -- although the humour is unintentional -- is a description of an anti-Aesthetic novel which he admired. "The story of the aesthetic era was told in one novel, a marvellous record of a woman's intuitions, called 'Miss Brown.' It was written by a girl hardly out of her teens who still signs herself Vernon Lee. She told of those people exactly as they were; and in the surprises and shocks of a healthy-minded girl one became acquainted with the unparticularized disgust which the authoress herself had evidently felt."²⁹ It is amusing because, far from being a "healthy-minded girl" "hardly out of her teens," Vernon Lee, whose real name was

Violet Paget, was a twenty-eight year old lesbian who wrote Miss Brown (1884) out of malice and personal spite for the leaders of the Aesthetic movement, most of whom she knew personally. It was her only novel, and undoubtedly the worst thing she ever wrote; Henry James called this book "a deplorable mistake."

But it was apparently with similar intent that Jarvis wrote She Lived in New York. As has been shown in the chapter on Aesthetic Criticism, Jarvis saw in the Aesthetic movement the germ of the retrogression of civilization. Here is his story of a woman who got caught up in that movement, or at least in its fringes, and of her terrible retrogression.

However Jarvis could not hope to produce the same effect, because his disposition was so different from Vernon Lee's. Jarvis's concept of the "aesthetic woman", mentioned in Chapter 3, could almost have been taken straight from Miss Brown; even the style is similar. Possibly he had recently read the book. But his own Estelle Crosby is not that "aesthetic woman". If she were not good to begin with, then her downfall would have no meaning; and it would lack credibility if this goodness were not evident in some ways even at the end. In fact her suicide is an act of charity. Mr. Crosby

still loves her, but she refuses to degrade him by rejoining him. She entrusts her illegitimate child, a little girl, to him. As soon as she knows the child is safe and happy with Crosby, she commits suicide, sensing that her continued existence would only be a source of shame and disgrace to the child.

Estelle is beautiful, and possessed of a sharp wit. All in all, she is really an appealing character, and Jarvis cannot be overly severe with her. In this sense she is like Hampstead. Vernon Lee had no affection in her book for anyone tainted with the Aesthetic virus.

Besides all this, Jarvis probably had had very little first-hand contact with the personalities of the movement. He provides the hackeyed picture of immoral artists and their shameless models. It is interesting to compare this picture with the one given in Trilby, by the English writer George DuMaurier, who actually knew the artist's life. Trilby poses for artists, but she's none the less innocent for it.

She Lived in New York is the least pretentious of Jarvis's books. It was meant to be a sort of companion volume to The Ascent of Life. There was little need to philosophize or to judge, merely to demonstrate, consequently it is only about half the length of either of the pre-

ceding novels. The feeling of brevity is strengthened because it is fast-paced. The entire story unfolds with the speed of the last chapters of Geoffrey Hampstead, yet the characters move entirely under their own steam. There is an organic relationship between plot and character; the plot is simple and constructed according to the personalities involved. It never seems that the characters act in a certain way because the plot demands it.

For example, if Estelle is attracted to the artists, it is because she is young, innocent, but with a sensual nature, and her husband is middle-aged, dull, with no interests other than business. Later, when Charles leaves Estelle, for the first time realizing the extent of her vices, it is only because she ridicules him and he cannot bear it.

The book is moving and powerful, and it provides a wonderfully graphic description of New York at the close of the nineteenth century. It certainly deserves to be read.

It is unfortunate that Stinson Jarvis did not publish more novels, for this is where his real talent lay. His novels are free of hackwork -- he left that for certain of his magazine and newspaper contributions. But the novels represent what he wanted to write about,

and were not written to earn his living. Perhaps others will turn up in manuscript when Jarvis's papers are located.

His strength does not lie in his power as a philosopher. At best, his philosophical writings must be regarded as the views of a typical Canadian or American intellectual of the time. His ideas are a potpourri of all the current trends, from creative evolution to feminism. If he is to be remembered, it will have to be on the basis of his talents for description, dialogue, and character portrayal, as well as his confident, witty style. In the novels he often writes like a man slightly amused by everything. As he would have said, he had the "sense of absurdity", which unfortunately abandoned him in many of his essays.

Jarvis should be recognized at least in Canada for his part in Canadian literature. One cannot say that he was influenced by any previous Canadian writers, and it is even more certain that no subsequent Canadian writers were influenced by him. But he was influenced merely by being born and raised in this country, and by writing about what he knew. Torontonians would be delighted with his affectionate and knowing portrait of their city in its younger days, if they only knew of it. His

occasional remarks dealing with Canada strike a topical note today, for example where he writes that "Nina... had had an English boarding-school finish. She could have told the general course of the Ganges or the Hoang-Ho, but she had no idea in what direction she was going on her own lake to Oswego. In English schools Canada is a land not worth learning about, and where hardly any person would live voluntarily. People go about chiefly on snow-shoes, and it is easy in most places to kill enough game for dinner from your own door-step."³⁰

Studies like the present one have their purposes; they help to provide historic detail and commentary upon an author's work; but more than this, the books themselves need to be read to be appreciated. The view has been expressed that Jarvis is worth reviving; at present it is doubtful whether anyone can disagree with any justification. Now this forgotten Canadian author must be evaluated by others.

Appendix to Chapter 6.

"A PSEUDO-AMERICAN NOVEL." The Chicago Times, (February 18, 1893.)

'Dr. Perdue,' by Stinson Jarvis, is announced by the publishers, Laird & Lee of Chicago, to be the second of their prize novels, and that this one like the first, has been awarded a prize of \$1,000 cash, offered by them for the 'best original American novel submitted' between May 2 and Sept. 30, 1892. Under these circumstances there are certain things which one is justified in expecting from the novel, and these things are not found. It would seem that a novel to be called 'American' in the largest sense should contain in its pages something about America and the Americans, to the extent of having part of the scene and at least a representative character selected from that continent and its people. But the only Americans in the cast of characters are Canadian, and even they disclaim to their English friends the accusation that they are American. And as to the scene, the story never gets any closer to the shores of this continent than the Azore islands, and then only by the accident that the pleasure yacht that carries the party is blown considerably to the west of its intended course. Up to this point the merits of the novel have not entered. As a matter of fact, it wins no greater favor when that feature is considered. The characters are neither types nor exceptions. They are simply exaggerations. The girl Margaret, who is the only female in the lot, whom it is possible to feel any human interest, is an impossibility. Years before the opening of the story she has been engaged to Perdue, when he lived in Canada under another name, and at the same time has been 'bon camarade' with a crowd of the good fellows of whom he was one. Now, after six years in the penitentiary for embezzlement, he turns up in England, marries a girl who cares not for him, but for a monk of the Episcopalian church who is vowed to celibacy, and in a short time his former love appears as the ward of his wife's aunt and companion. Margaret conceals his past record, and when the other members of the old crowd come in their magnificent yacht they also join in the concealment. This much will do. But it is in the relations which exist between Margaret and the four men that the impossibility occurs. She is a pure, honest, and generous girl, against whom no one has ever cast a slighting thought, but she kisses her men friends with entire indiscrimina-

and disregard for the number of spectators, and that is one of the milder examples of the many things which prove the impossibility not only that such a story could be told of England as it is with any consistency, but that even the most unchaperoned districts of America could not be its habitat. As a matter of fact, the story is in no way better than the cheapest and most indifferent kinds of English novels. It is unfortunate that it should be issued and possibly even circulated with a label on it that it took a prize as the best American novel submitted, and the most charitable thing to believe is that it was the only one submitted in competition.

Chapter 1:

1. Carl F. Klink, Ed., A Literary History of Canada. (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965), p. 294.

2. Ibid., 321.

3. Alan Gowans, Building Canada: an Architectural History of Canadian Life, (Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1966), pp. xix-xx.

Chapter 2:

1. Canadian Magazine, XXVI (January - March 1906).

2. E.M. Chadwick, Ontarian Families, (Toronto, 1894). 1.p.128. The date is given as November 2 in George A. Jarvis et al., The Jarvis Family, (Hartford, 1879) p. 124.

3. George A. Jarvis et al., p. 124. Her date of birth is conspicuously absent from the later Chadwick, I, p. 128.

4. Stinson Jarvis's baby sister, Mary Catherine, died little more than a month before he began at U.C.C.

5. Henry J. Morgan, Canadian Men and Women of the Time, (Toronto: William Briggs, 1898), p. 502.

6. "Prospectus of the Arena for 1894," The Arena, IX (December 1893), p. xxxii.

7. Ibid.

8. Ibid.

9. Jarvis et al., p. 124.

10. Charlotte will not be found on a modern map. Located on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Genesee River, it was once the lakeport of Rochester, N.Y. Rochester was originally built up only along the banks of the Erie Canal. In 1916 the Rochester city limits were extended northward to Lake Ontario, and Charlotte ceased to exist.

11. Stinson Jarvis, "pulled Through," Yachting, (November 1911), p. 372.

12. Chadwick, I, p. 128. Jarvis et al gives the year as 1871.

13. Morgan, p. 502.

14. Ibid.

15. Ibid.

16. Stinson Jarvis, "The Opening of the Yachting Season," Sport, Music and Drama, VI, No. 139 (April 20, 1892), pp. 6 - 7.

17. "Prospectus of the Arena for 1894," p. xxxiii.

18. Ibid., xxxii-xxxiii.

19. Morgan, p. 502.

20. Ibid.

21. "Stinson Jarvis, Novelist," Leslie's Weekly, LXXVI (April 20, 1893), p. 259.

22. Morgan, p. 503.

23. "Stinson Jarvis, Novelist," op. cit.

24. Morgan, p. 503.

25. Ibid.

26. "Prospectus of the Arena for 1894," p. xxxiii.

27. "A Canadian Novelist," Daily Mail, Toronto, (February 18, 1893), Saturday Art Supplement, p. 3, col. 4.

28. The fate of the earlier letter or letters alluded to is unknown.

29. The reference is to Chadwick's Ontarian Families, 1894.

30. "Stinson Jarvis, Novelist," op. cit.

31. "Prospectus of the Arena for 1894," pp. xxviii - xxxiii.

32. Jarvis's poor memory for dates is probably at the root of the discrepancies among the various sources.

33. Morgan, p. 503.

34. Morgan, p. 502.

35. Leslie's Weekly, LXXXIX (December 7, 1899), p. 287.

36. Leslie's Weekly, XC (March 3, 1900), p. 171.

37. Leslie's Weekly, XCII (June 22, 1901), p. 612.

38. "Prospectus of the Arena for 1894," p. xxxii.

39. Dr. Norton F.W. Hazeldine (1856 - 19??) is described by J.F. Rowny as "a retired M.D., a scientist and an advanced mystic of the Sufi Order (a pantheistic Moslem sect .. J.W.). In his boyhood he lived in India, while in later years he made his home in Morocco. Following that period he came to the United States as a teacher and lecturer. Surviving him were his wife and two children..." Dr. Hazeldine published two books in Los Angeles: Therapeutic Dietetics; or, The Science of Health Foods and their Medicinal Values; and Sufism of the Rubaiyat; both in 1908.

40. J.F. Rowny claims (1967) that in recent years an "appreciative reader" was willing to pay \$25.00 for the book, which he could not, however, supply.

41. "Mr. Jarvis, Aged Editor, Passes Away," The Times. Balboa, Californis, (January 5, 1926).

42. The funeral directors were E. Clair Overholtzer Co.

Chapter 3:

1. Stinson Jarvis, "The Priesthood of Art," The Arena, XVII (April 1897), p. 740.

2. Ibid., 737.

3. Ibid., 736.

4. Stinson Jarvis, "Relaxation Rest-Cure," Leslie's Weekly, LXXX (January 3, 1895), p. 11.
5. "The Priesthood of Art," p. 736.
6. Ibid., 738.
7. Stinson Jarvis, "Our Players," Leslie's Weekly, LXXX (February 14, 1895), p. 103.
8. Stinson Jarvis, "Female Humorists and American Humor," The Century, XLV (November 1892), p. 152.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid.
11. Stinson Jarvis, "The Truly Artistic Woman," The Arena, XVIII (December 1897), p. 813.
12. "Female Humorists and American Humor," p. 153.
13. "The Truly Artistic Woman," p. 815.
14. Ibid.
15. Ibid., 813.
16. "Relaxation Rest-Cure," p. 11.
17. Ibid.
18. Stinson Jarvis, "Within Sound of the Sea," Leslie's Weekly, LXXIX (August 23, 1894), p. 124.
19. "Female Humorists and American Humor," p. 153.
20. Stinson Jarvis, "The Masqueraders," Leslie's Weekly, LXXX (January 17, 1895), p. 42.
21. Stinson Jarvis, " 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray': Mrs. Kendal's Defense of the Play," Leslie's Weekly, LXXVIII (April 26, 1894), p. 272.
22. She obtained exclusive performing rights for this role in the United States and Canada in any language except French.

23. Stinson Jarvis, " 'Gismonda' .. Sardou," LXXX (February 7, 1895), p. 90.

24. Ibid.

25. This is a reference to La Dame aux Camellias (1854) by Alexandre Dumas, fils (1824 - 1895), one of the most popular plays of the nineteenth century.

26. " 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray': Mrs. Kendal's Defense of the Play," p. 275.

27. Stinson Jarvis, "Sybil Sanderson," Leslie's Weekly, LXXX (January 3, 1895), p. 11.

28. Stinson Jarvis, "Our Players," Leslie's Weekly, LXXX (February 14, 1895), p. 11.

29. See in particular the virulent review by William Winter (1836 - 1917) in the New York Tribune, (February 6, 1900), p. 6, col. 6, a classic piece of invective.

30. "The Priesthood of Art," p. 735.

31. "Relaxation Rest-Cure," p. 11.

32. Stinson Jarvis, "Racing Machines," Sport, Music, and Drama, VI, No. 133 (March 9, 1892), p. 6.

33. Stinson Jarvis, "Opening of the Yachting Season," Sport, Music and Drama, VI, No. 139 (April 20, 1892), p. 7.

34. "Racing Machines," p. 6.

Chapter 4:

1. "Prospectus of the Arena for 1894," The Arena, IX (December 1893), p. xxx.

2. Ibid., xxxiii.

3. Ibid., xxix.

4. Stinson Jarvis, "How Evolution Evolves," The Arena, XIV (September 1895), p. 68.

5. Ibid., 71 - 2.

6. Quoted in anon. review, "The Ascent of Life," Montreal Gazette, (November 3, 1894), p. 11.

7. "How Evolution Evolves," p. 73.

8. Stinson Jarvis, "Animal Revelations," Leslie's Weekly, LXXIX, (August 9, 1894), p. 89.

9. "How Evolution Evolves," p. 75.

10. "Prospectus of the Arena for 1894," p. xxx.

11. Ibid.

12. Less than two months after his return, in a column on Henry Arthur Jones's The Case of Rebellious Susan, he wrote, "I have it direct from the author that this was not his intention". Was Jones one of the "friends in the artistic community" which Morgan refers to? It is known that while in London he went to the theatre many times. Among the plays he saw were Jone's The Masqueraders, starring Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. George Alexander; and Sardou's Madame Sans-Gene, with Madame Réjane (1857 - 1920) in the title role.

Chapter 5:

1. Stinson Jarvis, The Price of Peace, (Los Angeles: J.F. Rowny Press, 1921), p. 48.

2. Stinson Jarvis, "The Creative Man," The Arena, XVIII (August 1897), p. 262.

3. Ibid., 264.

4. Ibid., 265.

5. Ibid., 272.

6. Ibid., 274.

7. Stinson Jarvis, "America a Power," The Arena, XIX (April 1898), p. 503.

8. Ibid., 499 - 500.
9. Ibid., 501.
10. Ibid., 502.
11. Ibid.
12. Ibid., 503.
13. Ibid., 504.
14. Stinson Jarvis, "Female Humorists and American Humor," The Century, XLV (November 1892), p. 153.
15. Stinson Jarvis, "Mr. Beerbohm Tree," Leslie's Weekly, LXXX (January 24, 1895), p. 58.
16. Stinson Jarvis, " 'Gismonda' .. Sardou," LXXX February 7, 1895), p. 90.
17. Stinson Jarvis, The Price of Peace, (Los Angeles: J.F. Rowny Press, 1921), pp. 95 - 6.
18. Ibid., 111.
19. Ibid., 114.
20. Ibid., 80.
21. Stinson Jarvis, The Price of Peace, (Los Angeles: J.F. Rowny Press, 1921), p. vi.
22. Ibid., 10.
23. Richard H. Rovere, "A New Situation in the World," The New Yorker, XLIV (February 24, 1968), p. 59.
24. "The Druids," by the Rev. J.S. Smiddy. Publishers, W.B. Kelly, Grafton St., Dublin; London, Simpkin, Marshall & Co.,
25. The Price of Peace, p. 91.
26. Ibid., 125.
27. Ibid., 110.
28. Ibid., 120.

1. S. Ross Beharriell, in Klinck, ed., A Literary History of Canada, (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965), p. 321.
2. Stinson Jarvis, Geoffrey Hampstead, a novel, (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1890), p. 19.
3. Ibid., 27.
4. 'Geoffrey Hampstead,' anon. rev., The Nation, LI (December 25, 1890), p. 507.
5. Geoffrey Hampstead, p. 258.
6. Ibid., 18.
7. Henry J. Morgan, Canadian Men and Women of the Time, (Toronto: William Briggs, 1898), p. 503.
8. Geoffrey Hampstead, pp. 313-4.
9. Morgan, p. 503.
10. The Nation, op cit., p. 507.
11. Geoffrey Hampstead, p. 398.
12. Ibid., 391-2.
13. Ibid., 117-8.
14. Ibid., 181.
15. Ibid., 55.
16. Ibid., 156.
17. Ibid., 19-20
18. Ibid., 3.
19. Ibid., 177.
20. Ibid., 209.
21. Ibid., 298.

22. Stinson Jarvis, "Victor 'Vigilant' at Cowes,"
Leslie's Weekly, LXXIX (August 30, 1894), p.137.
23. Stinson Jarvis, 'The Pride of Margaret Alleyne,'
Leslie's Weekly, LXXVI (November 17, 1892), p. 344.
24. Ibid.
25. Ibid.
26. Geoffrey Hampstead, p.252.
27. Ibid.
28. Morgan, p.503.
29. Stinson Jarvis, 'The Truly Artistic Woman,'
The Arena, XVIII (December 1897), p.814.
30. Geoffrey Hampstead, p.315.

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